

From the North British Review.

1. *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, edited by MRS. SHELLEY. 3 vols. London, 1847.
2. *Shelley at Oxford—Papers in the New Monthly Magazine*, Vols. 36 and 37.
3. *The Life of P. B. Shelley*. By THOMAS MEDWIN. 2 vols. London, 1847.
4. *Gallery of Literary Portraits*. By GEORGE GILFILLAN. Edinburgh, 1845.
5. *An Address to the Irish People*. By PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Dublin, 1812.

THE poems of Shelley have been gradually assuming a high place in our literature. The incidents of his life, unimportant except as they illustrate his writings, have been told gracefully and well by Mrs. Shelley in the notes to her exceedingly beautiful edition of his poetical works. His own letters to Mr. Peacock and others have been published, and everywhere exhibit the habits of thinking of a man singularly truthful, generous, and good. These letters and Mrs. Shelley's notes form a perfect memoir of his life from his twenty-second year. His life at Oxford has been well described by his friend Mr. Hogg, in a series of papers printed in the *New Monthly Magazine*, some five-and-twenty years ago, and Captain Medwin had contributed some account of his earlier life to the *Athenæum*, which has we believe been reprinted in a separate volume. From these means of information, what is now called the "*Life of Shelley*," is compiled by the last mentioned writer. The book is hastily and carelessly put together, and adds nothing to what is already known.

The name of Shelley is an ancient one in the County of Sussex, and the family of the poet is traced to the time of Richard II. In 1611, Sir John Shelley of Maresfield was created a baronet—and the family of Castle-Goring, now represented by the son of the poet, is descended from a younger son of Sir John of Maresfield. Bysshe Shelley, the grandfather of the poet, was born at Newark in North America, in 1731. He began life as a quack doctor, and seems to have early turned his attention to making his way in the world by matrimonial speculations. The widow of a miller is said to have been his first wife. However this be—for Captain Medwin, who mentions the fact, does not vouch for its truth—we find him in England soon after, running away with an heiress, through whom the branch of his descendants with whom we are chiefly concerned are possessed of the estate of Horsham. In some short time Sir Bysshe finds himself an active widower, and lays siege to the heart of Miss Sidney Perry—the heiress of Penhurst, the estate of Sir Philip Sidney. The present Lord de Lisle

and Dudley represents this branch of Sir Bysshe's descendants. Through some mistake the poet Shelley is repeatedly represented—even by such writers as Mr. Howitt,* as a descendant of Sir Philip Sidney. The sole connection between them—if it can be called such—was that which we have stated. It, however, gratified the imagination of the poet.

Bysshe Shelley was raised to the baronetage in 1806. He died in 1815. Medwin tells us,—

"I remember Sir Bysshe in a very advanced age, a remarkably handsome man, fully six feet in height, and with a noble and aristocratic bearing, *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi*. His manner of life was most eccentric, for he used to frequent daily the tap-room of one of the low inns in Horsham, and there drank with some of the lowest citizens, a habit he had probably acquired in the New World. Though he had built a castle, (Goring-Castle,) that cost him upwards of £80,000, he passed the last twenty or thirty years of his existence in a small cottage looking on the River Arun, at Horsham, in which all was mean and beggarly—the existence indeed of a miser—enriching his legatees at the expense of one of his sons, by buying up his post-obits."—Medwin's *Life of Shelley*, vol. i., p. 8.

Medwin was related to one of Sir Bysshe's wives, and his account of a family whom he must have known perfectly well is far from favorable to any of them. He describes Timothy Shelley, the poet's father, as watching with impatience for his father's death, and he speaks of two of Sir Bysshe's daughters as marrying without his consent; of which he availed himself—for so we understand the statement—to avoid giving them any fortune whatever.

"He died at last, and in his room were found bank-notes to the amount of £10,000, some in the leaves of the few books he possessed, others in the folds of his sofa, or sewed into the lining of his dressing gown."—Medwin, p. 9.

Shelley's father is described as a man whose early education had been much neglected. He had, however, taken a degree at Oxford—made the grand tour, and sat in parliament for a family borough. Medwin's recollections of him are unfavorable. He tells us that he was a man who "reduced all politeness to forms, and moral virtue to expediency." In short, he was a man very like other men of whom there is little to be said that can furnish a page to the biographer. The one feeling which seems to have absorbed all others in the minds of the family was ancestral pride. The one great and irreparable offence which Shelley could commit against the family was to unite himself in marriage unsuitably. In remote parts of

* "*Visits to Remarkable Places*," vol. i.; and also "*Homes and Haunts of the Poets*."

the country, among the less educated part of the higher gentry, this feeling often strengthens itself into something little short of actual insanity, and the fortunate adventures of Sir Bysshe Shelley, and the mésalliances of his daughters, were not unlikely to render the Shelleys most incurably mad.

The poet was born the 4th of August, 1792, and brought up at Field-Place (his father's residence) till his tenth year with his sisters, and taught the rudiments of Latin and Greek. He was then sent to Sion House, Brentford, where Medwin had been already placed.

The school was a cheap bad school, penuriously managed, and the boys for the most part the sons of London shop-keepers. The lady who was supposed to manage the household details was too fine for her business; but—as a part of her stock in trade—had a pedigree at least as good as Shelley's. She was a cousin to the Duke of Argyle. We rather like the poor woman the better for this, we own, and though the instincts of self-defence, and the sense of what was due to her family made her perhaps treat the Sussex Squirearchy less deferentially than they expected, her sister, who must have been as nearly related to the duke as herself, was “an economist of the first order.”

After all, if boys of whatever rank are sent to schools selected for their cheapness, they ought not to remember and resent, as if it were the fault of their masters or mistresses, the stinginess of their parents. The usual stories of the sufferings of boys, whose health is in any way infirm or whose spirits are too weak for the kind of ordeal to which their fellow students subject them, are tediously told by “the wearisome captain.” The incompetence of the master is proved by his punishing Shelley for some faults in an exercise written for him by Medwin, who had cribbed the bad Latin it seems from Ovid. This incident and the fact that Shelley disliked learning to dance, are the captain's sole records of Brentford school. It was scarce worth making a book for this—and yet in one point of view Medwin's testimony is not without some value. Shelley's detestation of school and the tyranny of the elder boys, has been in general understood as exclusively to be referred to Eton, and the effect of his sojourn there. It probably arose from his detestation of this miserable place—which seems to have been in every possible point of view, ill-chosen.

Shelley learned little at school—at least of school learning—

“—Nothing, that my tyrants knew or taught,
Cared I to learn.”

Still his mind was not inactive—

“Eager he reads whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells.”

“He was fond of reading, and greedily devoured all the books which were brought to school after the holidays. These were mostly blue books;—who does not know what blue books mean?”—Medwin.

We did not. The English lawyer's blue books are the numbers of the Law and Equity Reports with which every term oppresses him, and which are becoming each day a more serious grievance. The statesman's blue books are those desperate piles of lumber in which are contained the wisdom of parliamentary committees and royal commissioners, and of every person who wishes to enlighten the nation on the thousand topics which are forever investigated, and still remain as obscure as before. But the Brentford school-boy's blue books are not the blue books of the statesman or the lawyer,—

“Who does not,” says our comic Plutarch, “know what blue books mean? But if there should be any one ignorant enough not to know what those dear dusky volumes, so designated from their covers, contain, be it known that they are or were to be bought for sixpence, and embodied stories of haunted castles, bandits, murderers, and other grim personages—a most exciting and interesting sort of food for boys' minds. Among those of a larger calibre was one which I have never seen since, but which I remember with a *recoûché* delight. It was ‘Peter Wilkins.’ How much Shelley wished for a winged wife and winged little cherubs of children!”—Medwin, vol. i., p. 29.

To these treasures were added the stores of the Brentford circulating library. Mrs. Radcliffe's romances and novels of the Rosa-Matilda school, among which Medwin mentions the name of one in which the devil was the hero—“Zofloya the Moor”—were Shelley's great delight. Shelley believed in ghosts, and was known, once at least, to have walked in his sleep. He was habitually given to waking dreams, from which he was with great difficulty roused. When he did awake, “his eyes flashed, his lips quivered, his voice was tremulous with emotion;—a sort of ecstasy came over him, and he talked more like a spirit or an angel, than a human being.”—Medwin, vol. i., p. 34.

From Brentford school, Shelley went to Eton, where he passed two years. Of this period of his life there seems to be no authentic record. His school-fellows, with the exception of his reviewer in the *Quarterly*, appear to have preserved no recollections of him, and we are told that in after life he never mentioned them; that he had even forgotten their names. At Eton he appears to have acquired a taste for boating, which was one of his greatest enjoyments through life.

His school education ended in 1809, and in the winter of that year Medwin and he were a good deal together at the house of Shelley's father. They wrote novels and poems, from which Medwin gives large extracts; among others a poem called the “Wandering Jew,”* which they sent

*The “Wandering Jew” seems to have fastened on Shelley's imagination. When he went to Oxford, the first question he asked the librarian at the Bodleian was, “Had he the Wandering Jew?” and in his drama of *Hellas*, written nearly at the close of his life, we have “Ahasuerus” introduced—

“Oh, that Heaven,
Profuse of poisons, would concede the chalice
Which but one living man has drained, who now,
Vessel of deathless wrath, wanders forever.
Lone as incarnate Death!”

to Campbell. He good-naturedly read it, and, with pardonable dishonesty, told them there were two good lines in it,—

"It seemed as if an angel's sigh
Had breathed the plaintive symphony."

These were the two lines which Campbell praised. If we sought to reverse his decision, and say, "Bad are the best," it is probable that the captain might come down on us as he did on the Brentford schoolmaster, and prove that he had stolen them from Scott.

"Shelley's favorite poet in 1809," says Medwin, "was Southey. He had read *Thalaba* till he almost knew it by heart, and had drenched himself with its metrical beauty.

"I have often heard him quote that exquisite passage, where the enchantress winds round the finger of her victim a single hair, till the spell becomes inextricable—the charm cannot be broken. But he still more doted on *Kehamah*, the curse of which I remember Shelley often declaiming,—

"And water shall see thee!
And fear thee, and fly thee!
The waves shall not touch thee,
As they pass by thee!"

And this curse shall be on thee
Forever and ever."

"I transcribe the passage from memory, for I have never read since that romance he used to look upon as perfect; and was haunted by the witch *Loranite*, raving enthusiastically about the lines beginning:

"Is there a child whose little winning ways,
Would lure all hearts, on whom its parents gaze
Till they shed tears of tenderest delight,
Oh, hide her from the eyes of *Loranite*."

"Wordsworth's writings were at that time by no means to his taste."—Medwin, vol. 60—62, *verbatim et literatim*.

But why transcribe more of this strange medley? The passage of *Thalaba* which Shelley so often repeated must have been listened to by the most vacant of all minds, for there is not one word in it of "winding round the finger of her victim a single hair,"—

"He found a woman in the cave—
A solitary woman—
Who by the fire was *spinning*,
And singing as she span.
The thread the woman drew
Was finer than the silkworm's—
Was finer than the gossamer.
The song she sang was low and sweet;
And *Thalaba* knew not the words.
The thread she span it gleam'd like gold
In the light of the odorous fire.

And round and round his right hand,
And round and round his left,
He wound the thread so fine."

That Medwin should have forgotten the passage, and substituted some general recollection for what he had heard Shelley repeat, is not surprising;

but it is surprising that any one can place the slightest reliance on the record of conversations preserved by a memory so little retentive of anything worth remembering. We have, however, to make another remark on the passage that we have just cited, which makes us utterly discard, for any purpose, anything whatever that is stated on no better authority than the kind of gossip of which this very poor book is from beginning to end made up. In one of Miss Edgeworth's works the forgery of a deed is detected by the over-zeal of a witness brought up to prove the circumstances of its execution. He says that he now is the only person living who knows all that actually passed at the time. His gray hairs tremble with emotion as he seeks to confirm his testimony by calling the attention of the court to the fact, that under the seal was placed a silver coin—that if the seal be broken, the coin will be found. The seal is broken—the coin is found; but one of a later date than that of the supposed execution of the deed. Now, Mr. Medwin is as anxious as Miss Edgeworth's witness to prove these conversations. He takes especial care to tell you that he transcribes from his recollection; that he has never read the poem or romance, as he calls it, since; and his misspelling the witch's name, and *Kehama's* too, for that matter, prevents our entertaining the slightest doubt of the accuracy of his statement that he had never read the book, or could in this way have confused in his memory the incidents of one period with those of another. He has a thousand reasons to remember the thing; and yet what he has stated is not—cannot be—the fact. Break the seal—the coin is of a later date. "*Kehama*" was not published for years after the supposed conversation!

The only possible object of recording Shelley's early life is that of tracing the unusually early development of his powers; and the value of any part of the record is destroyed by proofs, such as this accident furnishes, that Medwin has composed his book from obscure recollections, in which time, place, and person are confused. For our own part, we think there is almost decisive evidence in Shelley's writings of his not having, at this period, even seen "*Thalaba*," with "the metrical beauty of which" he is said to have already "drenched" himself. The earliest works of a boy almost necessarily exhibit close imitations of whatever he most admires. Shelley at this period wrote two novels, both very dull; but in one of them are several poems, in which the cadences of the verse and the forms of language, recall Beattie's *Hermit*, Scott's *Ballads*, and Monk Lewis', but in which there is not a single line or thought that for a moment brings to the mind the poem which Medwin says he was then perpetually repeating, and which we know, in a few years after, so possessed his imagination as to have furnished the key-note to the versification of *Queen Mab*. This fact we think absolutely decisive of the question, particularly if it be considered in connection with Med-

win's exceeding carelessness in such statements, as proved by the instance of Kehama.

In 1810, Shelley was removed to Oxford. He entered University College. Of his short course there his friend Mr. Hogg has fortunately given us a distinct record. His account was published about twenty years after Shelley's death, in the *New Monthly Magazine*; and while his magazine papers have some of the faults of that kind of writing, we think that with some little condensation they would form a very interesting supplement to any future edition that may be published of Shelley's works. The acquaintanceship of Mr. Hogg and the poet commenced at their college commons, where they dined at the same table. It was Shelley's first appearance in the hall. His figure was slight; his aspect, even among young men, was remarkably youthful. He was thoughtful and absent in manner, and seemed to have no acquaintance with any one. Some accident led him and Mr. Hogg into conversation. Shelley praised the originality of the German writers. Hogg asserted their want of nature. "What modern literature will you compare with them?" said Shelley, with a discordant scream that excoiated the ears of his opponent. The Italian was named. Shelley waxed angry and argumentative. The dialogue had little interest for any one but the disputants, who soon found themselves alone in the hall. The servants now came in to clear the tables. Hogg invited the stranger to continue the discussion at his rooms. He eagerly assented. The dialogue, however, did not continue; for when the young men became better acquainted, they acknowledged that they knew nothing whatever of either German or Italian; and Shelley said that the study of languages, ancient or modern, was but waste of time—learning the names of things instead of things themselves. Physical science, and especially chemistry, should rather be the objects of pursuit. Hogg began to feel his new friend something of a bore, and took to looking at the features and figure of the stranger.

"It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but yet he stooped so much that he seemed of low stature. His clothes were expensive and made according to the most approved mode of the day, but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, almost feminine—of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed, as he said, the autumn in shooting. His features, his whole face and particularly his head, were unusually small,* yet the last appeared of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy. In the agony of declamation he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands or passed his fingers quickly through

* Leigh Hunt, speaking of Keats, says, "His head was a puzzle for the phrenologists, being remarkably small in the skull: a singularity which he had in common with Lord Byron and Mr. Shelley—none of whose hats I could get on."—Hunt's *Byron*, &c. Vol. i., p. 408.

his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. His features were not symmetrical, the mouth perhaps excepted—yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed enthusiasm and intelligence that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual, for there was a softness, a delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) that air of profound religious veneration that characterizes the best works, and chiefly the frescoes (and into these they infused their whole souls) of the great masters of Florence and of Rome. I recognized the very peculiar expression in these wonderful productions long afterwards, and with a satisfaction mingled with much sorrow, for it was after the decease of him in whose countenance I had first observed it. * * * This is a fine fellow, said I to myself, (we continue to transcribe from Mr. Hogg's account,) but I could never bear his society. I shall never be able to endure his voice. It would kill me. What a pity it is!"

The voice of the stranger was execruting. "It was intolerably shrill, harsh, and discordant; of the most cruel intension; it was perpetual and without any remission; it excoiated the ears." In the evening Shelley went to a lecture on mineralogy, and returned to tea. He burst into the room, threw down his cap, and stood shivering and chafing his hand over the fire. He had come away before the lecture was concluded.

"What did the man talk about?" said Hogg. "About stones! about stones!" he answered; "about stones, stones, stones! nothing but stones, and so dryly! It was wonderfully tiresome; and stones are not interesting things in themselves."

In the course of the evening Shelley dwelt on the advantages which the future generations of men may derive from the cultivation of science, and especially chemistry. He anticipated from the triumphs of science the release of the laboring classes from the unceasing toil now required to earn a mere subsistence. We are now unable to determine in what part of the substances we consume as food the nutritive property exists; this analysis may yet detect. The cause which occasions the fertility of some soils, and the hopeless sterility of others, is now unknown. The difference probably consists in something very slight. By chemical agency the philosopher may create a total change, and transmute an unfruitful region into one of exuberant plenty. Water is, like air, composed of certain gases; why not expect to be able, by some scientific process, to manufacture it, and then transform the deserts of Africa into rich meadows? The generation of heat is unknown; but a time may come when we may communicate warmth to the coldest and most ungenial climate, with as much ease and certainty as we now vary the temperature of a sitting room. What a mighty instrument would electricity be!—what wonders has not the galvanic-battery already effected!—and the balloon—"why not despatch aeronauts to cross Africa in every direction, and to survey the whole peninsula in a few weeks? The shadow of the first balloon, which a vertical sun would project

precisely under it, as it glided silently over that hitherto unhappy country, would virtually emancipate every slave, and would annihilate slavery forever!"

They spoke of mathematics. Of mathematics, Shelley said he knew nothing. Of metaphysics—"Aye, metaphysics—the analysis of mind—not of mere matter;" and he rose from his chair and declaimed with animation of a future state, and a former state. He had heard of Plato's doctrine of preëxistence and suspended consciousness. But the candles were now burned out—the fire had sunk into ashes—and he started to find how long into the night he and his companion had sat. They arranged to meet the next day at Shelley's rooms; and at parting Mr. Hogg for the first time heard the name of the stranger, who had interested him so much.

Hogg returned the visit the next day. The same contradictions that Shelley's dress exhibited struck him in the appearance of his rooms and furniture. Everything new and of an expensive kind, but thrown about in indescribable confusion. Books, boots, philosophical instruments, pistols, money, clothes, were scattered here and there. The carpet, with stains of various hues, proclaimed that the young chemist had been busy with his manipulations. Books lay open on a table—a bundle of pens and a razor, that had been employed as a knife—soda-water, sugar, and pieces of lemon were there, and, resting on a double pile of books, the tongs supported a glass retort above an argand lamp. The liquor boiled over—adding fresh stains to the table, and rising in fumes with a most fiendish smell. Then followed some tricks with the galvanic-battery. Hogg was made to work the machine till Shelley was filled with the fluid, and his long wild locks bristled and stood on end.

Hogg passed the evening with him, and during their short stay at Oxford they were very much together. Both were early risers—both attended college chapel in the mornings; but they did not afterwards meet till about one o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Hogg generally went to Shelley's rooms. They dined in the college hall, and past their evenings together. Hogg's studies were little interrupted by this arrangement. Shelley was fatigued with his morning's reading, and was generally overcome with drowsiness. He used to stretch on the rug before a large fire like a cat, exposing his little round head to such a heat, that his friend wondered how he could bear it. Hogg tried often to interpose some shelter, but in vain; for he would turn round in his sleep, and roll himself to the warmest place. In the midst of the most earnest conversation he would suddenly take to his rug, sleep for several hours—then, towards ten o'clock, start up, rub his eyes with violence, and passing his fingers through the tangles of his long wild hair, enter into argument, recite verses, his own or others', with an energy that was quite painful. Hogg read, while Shelley was thus hid in his vacant interlunar cave, and even when he was quite awake the studies of the friends were

often separately pursued. They, however, read many books together, and their walks in the open air were frequent. Shelley's preparation for a walk was often ominous. He would take out with him a pair of duelling-pistols, and amuse himself with firing at marks. His friend contrived to disappoint this dangerous pastime, by often taking care that powder or flints should be left behind. When they came to a stream or pond, Shelley loved to linger, making paper boats, and watching their course upon the water. One of his admirers tells of his having hazarded, in the absence of any less valuable scrap of paper, a fifty-pound-note in this amusement, but Hogg treats this as a mythic legend. Fable, however, soon passes into history, and Medwin tells us of a ten-pound-note thus ventured—reducing the amount of the note to increase we suppose the probability of the incident.

Hogg gives an account of one of their evenings, in which the conversation turned on the advantages to society of the universities, and the old foundations for education. Even in the very lowest estimate of these advantages, they secured to the student an exemption from the interruption of secular cares. The regularity of academical hours cut off that dissipation of time and thought which prevails when the daily course is not prearranged. We gather, too, that they agreed in thinking, that the salutary attendance in chapel imposed duties conducive to habits of industry:—

"It was requisite not merely to rise, but to leave our rooms, to appear in public, and to remain long enough to destroy the disposition to indolence, which might still linger, if we were permitted to remain by the fire-side."

This was no doubt a low view of a very important subject; but there must have been great faults in the actual government of the college to which these young men belonged, to have rendered it necessary to deprive them of advantages which they were disposed to view in such a favorable aspect. "It would be a cruel thing," said Shelley, "to be compelled to quit our calm and agreeable retreat;" and he then expressed regret that the period of college residence was limited to four years, and those years interrupted and broken by frequent vacations. The seclusion of college life was felt by him as its great charm: "and then," said he, "the oak—the oak is such a blessing!" The oak, in the dialect of Oxford, is the outer door, against which the *bore* may knock and kick, and call in vain. "Who invented the oak?"—"Who but the monks, the inventors of the science of living in chambers!" It is a sad thing to think that poor Shelley's quiet was so soon interrupted; but before we record this, we must first state, from Mr. Hogg's account, something of their country excursions. Shelley was entirely unobservant of flowers:—

"He was able, like the many, to distinguish a violet from a sun-flower, and a cauliflower from a peony, but his botanical knowledge was more limited than that of the least skilful and common

observers—for he was neglectful of flowers. He was incapable of apprehending the delicate distinctions of structure which form the basis of the beautiful classification of modern botanists.”* “I never was able,” adds Mr. Hogg, “to impart even a glimpse of the merits of Ray or Linnaeus, or to encourage a hope that he would ever be able to see the visible analogies that constitute the marked, yet mutually approaching *genera*, into which the productions of nature, and especially vegetables, are divided.”

Shelley must have known something more of these things a few years after, for Mrs. Shelley tells us—

“That he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and the habits of every production of the earth.”

Hogg's record of Shelley's college life, and their studious evenings, brings back to us Cowley's lines—

“Say, for ye saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft, unwearied, have we spent the nights,
Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
Wondered at us from above!
We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry—
Arts which I loved—for they, my friend, were
thine.”†

Shelley was a singularly pure-hearted, single-minded man. Of home he thought with intense affection; and it was not without manifest delight that he received a letter from his mother or his sisters. Still, we can easily learn that at home there was some feeling of disappointment about the young student. His removal from Eton was earlier than usual; and it is plain that his conduct there did not satisfy either the authorities of the place or his father—whose dreams for him were of political advancement. Shelley, while an Oxford student, read at all times—at table, in bed, and while walking. He read not only in the streets of Oxford, but in the most crowded thoroughfares of London. Out of the twenty-four hours he frequently read sixteen.

His food was simple as that of a hermit. He already preached, and soon began—irregularly, however—to practise abstinence from animal food. Bread was his chief food, to which he sometimes added raisins. He had a school-boy's taste for fruit, gingerbread, and sugar. Honey was a delicacy he relished. This abstemiousness increased in after life, but was probably unwise, as his friends appear to have observed an improvement in his health whenever accident led him to adopt for a few days a more generous diet.

Shelley's detestation of the plans of life proposed for him by his family was almost unbounded. The Duke of Norfolk had recommended the study of politics to him as his business in life—that to which he was naturally called by the circumstances

and position of his family, and that in which he would have to expect less competition than in any other occupation of his talents. The duke failed to persuade him. “How often,” said Shelley, “have I gone with my father to the House of Commons, and what creatures did I see there! What faces! what an expression of countenance! what wretched beings! And what men did we meet about the house—in the lobbies and passages! and my father was so civil to all of them—to animals that I regarded with unmitigated disgust!”

Shelley had brought with him from Eton the habit of composition in Latin verse; and Mr. Hogg tells us that he took great pains in the study of everything connected with metre. There is evidence in his English poetry of the mysteries of versification having been more the subject of study with him than we have any right to infer from the statements of his friends. They seem anxious to represent his power as if it were purely a gift, and owing nothing to assiduous cultivation.

Shelley, we have said, was disputative. Logic—the Aristotelic logic—is one of the great studies of Oxford, and the poet was a logician, according to mode and figure. He seems to have teased his friends by his disputativeness. His text-book for awhile was Hume's Essays. He had reasoned himself into all the conclusions of the sceptical philosophy. Hogg indoctrinated him with Plato, and Shelley appears to have believed both systems—however irreconcilable they may seem. Of Plato, the knowledge of our young philosophers was then derived from an English translation of Dacier's French translation; but this did its business, when the business after all was little more than exercising the opening faculties of young men's minds. From Plato or from Dacier, Shelley learned the doctrine of preëxistence, and it was a favorite topic with him. One day he and Hogg met a young gypsy girl, a child of six years of age—slight, bareheaded, barefooted, and in rags. She was gathering snail-shells. “How much intellect is here!” said Shelley, “and what an occupation for one who once knew the whole circle of the sciences; who has forgotten them all, it is true, but who could certainly recollect them—though it is most probable she never will!” A brother of the child's was near, and Shelley wanted Hogg to propose to him some mathematical question: “Your geometry, you know, is so plain and certain, that if it be once thoroughly understood, it can never be forgotten.”

The young gypsies did not return any answers to Shelley's questions. They understood him better when he drew an orange from his pocket, and rolled it along the grass before the retreating children. “Every true Platonist,” he said, “must be fond of children; for they are our masters in philosophy. The mind of a new-born child is not, as Locke says, a sheet of blank paper—on the contrary, it is an Elzevir Plato—say rather an Encyclopædia, comprising all that ever was or all that ever will be discovered.”

* This our readers must remember was written in 1832.

† Ode on the Death of Harvey.

On Magdalen Bridge one day, Shelley met a woman with a child in her arms. He caught the child; the mother not knowing whether the young maniac—for such she thought him—might not throw the child into the river, held it fast. "Will your baby tell us anything about preëxistence, madam!" In spite of the strange screaming voice in which the question was asked—in spite of its being repeated with more torturing distinctness—the poor woman saw that the inquirer was very harmless, and she replied, "He cannot speak, sir." "Worse and worse," cried Shelley; "but surely the babe can speak if he will, for he is only a few weeks old. He may perhaps fancy that he cannot; but that is a silly whim. He cannot have entirely forgotten the use of speech in so short a time. The thing is impossible."

Never was there a student who could have lived with more entire happiness in the seclusion of his college than Shelley; but to live at all in England, implies, in the case of the higher classes, living in the vapor of politics. Politics made their way to Shelley's quiet chambers in University College, almost as soon as he had found himself fixed there. Lord Grenville's election as chancellor took place just at the time. The unsuccessful candidate was unluckily a member of Shelley's college—and one whom the heads of the house supported by every means in their power. Shelley was enthusiastic for Lord Grenville. This was what might be expected from him, as participating in the feeling of all the younger men in the university; but, in addition to this, liberal politics were—in the shape of aristocratic whiggery—the line in which his father and his grandfather traded; so that there was in reality little cause of offence with the boy of sixteen, when he declaimed everywhere against the candidate whom the governors of University College sought to have elected. Shelley was, however, after this regarded with some dislike by the governing part of the body; and their power in the collegiate institutions of old foundation is all but unlimited. As to politics, in the ordinary meaning of the word, they were regarded by Shelley with utter antipathy; a newspaper never found its way to his rooms; and if he opened one accidentally in a coffee-house his reading was confined to murders and storms.

Hogg was one day surprised by finding his friend correcting for the press the proof-sheets of some poems. He looked at them, and dissuaded him from publication. "They will not do as serious poems," said Hogg archly; "but try them as burlesque,"—and he read a few lines out with some comic effect. Shelley was not without some fun in him, though it in general lay too deep for a hearty laugh. The forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland had amused him; and after some discussion it was arranged to print the poems as the work of Mrs. Margaret Nicholson, a lunatic, who had attempted to stab George the Third. A bookseller undertook to publish it at his own expense, and in a few days a cream-colored quarto appeared. It opened with a serious poem against war—the

work of an acquaintance of Shelley's, for whose opinion the manuscript had been sent, and who made this strange use of it. It formed a curious contrast with the rest of the publication, in which was recommended in every mood and tense the plan of stabbing every one less enthusiastic in the cause of liberty than the supposed authoress.

The joke was successful—presentation copies were sent to poets and philosophers, and poets and philosophers replied with letters of admiration. Prudence was however recommended by some sager spirits, as the country was not yet ripe for the doctrines inculcated; but better times were fast approaching. Among the younger students at Oxford, the book was decidedly popular.

Its success stimulated Shelley to a more dangerous adventure. He was, we have said, fond of practical jokes—jokes the entire humor of which consisted in imposing on grave and well-intentioned people. It seems, that some half-century ago it was not thought improper for a person engaged in any particular pursuit to write to men distinguished in kindred subjects of study, without any formal introduction. An old physician, from whom Shelley had before he came to Oxford taken lessons in chemistry, was in the habit of corresponding with strangers on scientific subjects. Shelley imitated this vile habit, and now and then received answers written in unsuspecting seriousness—some in downright anger; one gentleman, irritated by his tone, when he had entrapped him into a correspondence, and tormented him with rejoinder after rejoinder, said that he would write to his master, and get him well-flogged. It does not appear whether he thought his tormentor was an ill-conditioned school-boy, or an impudent apothecary's apprentice. In either case, the suggestion was not unreasonable. At Eton, Shelley pursued this habit of correspondence with strangers, to whom he did not communicate his name during his whole stay. At Oxford he resumed it, and it led to his expulsion.

He and Hogg had been speaking of mathematics. "The mathematicians," said Hogg, "are mere dogmatists, who, when tired of talking in their positive strain, end the discussion by putting down the magic letters, Q. E. D." This dullish joke delighted Shelley; he would put the letters to everything he wrote—say an invitation to dinner—to attain, as he said, to a mathematical certainty.

He drew up a syllabus of Hume's doctrines, with some inferences of his own, adding these potent characters. He printed it and circulated it in every direction, chiefly for the purpose of assisting him in his strange correspondences. "The syllabus," says Hogg, "was a small pill, but it worked powerfully." The mode of operation was this: Shelley enclosed a copy, with a letter, saying that he had met this little tract accidentally—that it unhappily seemed to him quite unanswerable. If an answer was returned, Shelley would, in a fierce reply, fall on the poor disputant unmercifully. Shelley loved truth, but he loved disputation for its own sake; and it is hard to state the

above facts, so as to leave him wholly free from the charge of disingenuousness. This syllabus was entitled "*The Necessity of Atheism*."

Hogg went to Shelley's rooms "on Lady-Day 1811, a fine spring morning," at an earlier hour than was his custom: Shelley was absent, but soon rushed into the rooms. He was greatly agitated;—"I am expelled!" he said; "I was sent for a few minutes ago to the common room; there I found our master and two or three of the fellows. The master produced a copy of the syllabus, and asked me if I were the author."—Shelley refused to answer. The question was repeated. Shelley insisted on the unfairness of such interrogation, and asked to have witnesses produced, to prove any charge against him. The question was repeated; and an answer again refused. The master then said, "You are expelled; and I desire that you will quit the college early to-morrow morning, at latest."—"One of the fellows," added Shelley, "took up two papers, and handed one of them to me—here it is." He produced a regular sentence of expulsion, drawn up and under the seal of the college. The indignation and compassion of a friend of Shelley's (we presume Mr. Hogg himself) were excited by what he felt to be a dreadful injustice. He wrote a note to the master and fellows, asking them to reconsider their decision. He was instantly summoned to attend the board, which was still sitting. The master produced the note which had been just sent: "Did you write this?" And then putting the syllabus into the hand of the astonished advocate—"Did you write this?" It was in vain urged that the question was an unfair one—that it was one which, after Shelley's case, no gentleman in the college or in the university but must refuse to answer. "Then," said the master, "you are expelled,"—and a formal sentence of expulsion was put into his hand. This must have been antecedently prepared, and Shelley's advocate must have been regarded as an accomplice in his crime before he sent his note to the master. He looked over the sentence, and found that the alleged offence was a *contumacious* refusal to disavow the imputed publication. On the following morning, Shelley and his friend proceeded to London.

This account, which we have abridged from Mr. Hogg's own narrative, cannot be otherwise than substantially accurate, though, being written twenty years after the events, it may contain some unimportant mistakes. Mr. De Quincey gives a different account of the matter; and the two can only be reconciled by the improbable supposition of his being expelled not alone from his own college, but also from the University of Oxford, and by a proceeding entirely distinct from that which we have described. De Quincey says, "I believe, from the uniformity of such accounts as have reached myself, the following *brief* of the matter may be relied on;" and he then proceeds with a narrative which we shall seek to sum up in a sentence. "Shelley," he says, (but in this he certainly mistakes,) "put his name, and the name of his col-

lege, to the pamphlet. The heads of colleges felt a disagreeable summons to an extra meeting. There are in Oxford five-and-twenty colleges, to say nothing of halls. They met—the greater part were for mercy. The pamphlet was not addressed to them. They were not bound officially to have any knowledge of it; and they determined not to proceed at all in the matter. Shelley, on this, determined to force the matter on them, and sent his pamphlet with five-and-twenty separate letters to the five-and-twenty heads of the Oxford hydra. The many-headed monster waxed wroth, and the philosopher was expelled." The sentence was, according to this account, extorted from very reluctant judges by Shelley's own act.

In whatever way the proceeding took place, we think it was scarce possible to avoid some public notice and censure of such a work as this syllabus is stated to have been. Dr. Medwin tells us that it is preserved in the notes to *Queen Mab*; but we have not ourselves read it. The college authorities—for we think it probable that there is some mistake in the fact of there having been any university proceedings—might perhaps, considering Shelley's extreme youth, have been satisfied with a less severe course; and, under any circumstances, the fact of having the formal sentence of expulsion engrossed and sealed before the accused was given any opportunity of repelling the charge—though we have no doubt of the perfect legality of the proceedings, the relation of students to the governing authorities of a college being considered—was one of those, which, like all the forms of procedure regulated by ecclesiastical law, seems more calculated to silence than to convince the culprit.

We think it not improbable, from Shelley's character, that gentleness and sympathy would have been likely to have dispelled much that was erroneous in his views, and, at all events, would at once have conquered whatever proceeded from mere obstinacy—for, even from his own accounts, there was much of self-will in the course which he adopted. As it was, never did reformer in the proudest days of the church retire from a discussion with the champions of Rome in a state of mind more entirely satisfied that victory was on his side, than Shelley when he found himself expelled from his college, and regarded as an alien by all his father's house. He was a martyr, or burning for the crown of martyrdom, and the truths which Oxford was unwilling or unworthy to hear, he was prepared, as he best could, to communicate to other recipients. He wrote, it is said, to Rowland Hill, offering to preach in his chapel.

Shelley's expulsion from Oxford is said to have spoiled a dream of true love for some fair cousin, who would hear no more of him, and who after married somebody else. Was it revenge for his slight set Shelley a marrying? or did he marry, as they say in Ireland, to displease his father, thinking that they are thus suggesting a reasonable motive for a very rash act? The elder Shelleys seem to have had but an indifferent taste in schools for either sons or daughters. A sister

of Shelley's was at school in the neighborhood of London, and Shelley, while walking with her in the garden of the seminary, was attracted by a fair face of sixteen. The Shelleys, had they been consulted, would have been little pleased with their son's marrying, at the age of nineteen, a girl, very young, and whom he scarcely knew; and there is little reason to think, that with all the English veneration for rank and family, that the young lady's father would have consented to the union. However this be, the young people do not seem to have asked any questions. In August, 1811, they were married at Gretna-Green. A maternal uncle of Shelley's supplied them with some money, and they went—thinking it a cheap place—to Keswick. There they were favorably received by the principal people of the neighborhood, the Duke of Norfolk having expressed some interest about them. Among others, the Southey's did what they could to render the place agreeable, and a friendship with Southey seemed to be almost the certain consequence of the intercourse that then existed between the families. We grieve to think on the worthless causes that in after life disturbed the feeling. Shelley too lightly believed that the reviews of his own and Keats' poems in the *Quarterly Review* were written by Southey. The solitude in which they both lived increased the echoes of the gossip which brought to Keswick the nonsense spoken at Geneva, and to Geneva the idle whispers of Keswick: each believed that the other maligned him—and there seems to have been nothing like a foundation for the belief on either side. As to the reviews, Southey had nothing to say to them. This is perhaps the most annoying circumstance connected with periodical literature, that mistakes as to the authorship of articles in periodical publications have been often the cause of life-long jealousies and dislikes. Shelley remained, however, at the lakes of Cumberland for too short a time to form any intimacies there. The place was far from cheap; and Shelley, in a letter dated November, 1811, says, that after paying some debts, he had to expend nearly his last guinea on a visit to the Duke of Norfolk, through whom some negotiation with his father was going on. Shelley left Keswick for Ireland. He sailed for Cork, and after visiting the Lakes of Killarney—which, says Medwin, he thought more beautiful than those of Switzerland or Italy—went to Dublin. While in Dublin he attended some political meetings at which he spoke. Medwin says "he displayed great eloquence, for which he was remarkable." We have conversed with an Irish gentleman—himself a man of great eloquence, the late Chief Baron Woulfe—who remembered Shelley's going to a meeting of the Catholic Board, and making a speech there. Of the details of the speech, at an interval of more than twenty years after it was delivered, our friend remembered nothing. He did, however, remember one strange peculiarity of manner. The speaker would utter a sentence; then pause, as if he were taking time to frame another, which was slowly enunciated,

the whole speech having the effect of unconnected aphorisms. His voice was, as described by Mr. Hogg, a dissonant scream. In Dr. Drummond's life of Hamilton Rowan, we are told, in language which he quotes as Shelley's, that the poet "selected Ireland as a theatre the widest and fairest for the operations of the determined friends of religious and political freedom."—"In pursuance of this design," adds Dr. Drummond, "he published a pamphlet, entitled, '*An Address to the Irish People*,' with an advertisement on the title-page, declaring it to be the author's intention to awaken in the minds of the Irish poor a knowledge of their real state, summarily pointing out the evils of that state, and suggesting rational means of remedy." He sent Hamilton Rowan some copies of the pamphlet, with a letter, from which we quote a few words:—

"Although an Englishman, I feel for Ireland; and I have left the country in which the accident of birth placed me, for the sole purpose of adding my little stock of usefulness to the fund which I hope Ireland possesses, to aid her in the unequal yet sacred combat in which she is engaged. In the course of a few days more I shall print another small pamphlet, which shall be sent to you. I have intentionally vulgarized the language of the enclosed. I have printed 1500 copies, and am now distributing them throughout Dublin."

In a letter written a month or two after, he speaks of being engaged in writing a history of Ireland, in conjunction with some friend, and says, that "two hundred and fifty pages of it were printed." Who could his friend have been? we think it not improbable that it may have been Lawless—at that time, we believe, an active member of the political associations in Dublin. Captain Medwin quotes from Shelley language which, in 1812, he was more likely to have taught O'Connell than to have learned from him. Like the "*Hereditary Bondsmen*," and the *First Flower of the Earth*, O'Connell made it his own by adoption. "My principles incite me to take all the good I can get in politics—forever aspiring to something more. I am one of those whom nothing will fully satisfy, but who are ready to be partially satisfied with whatever is practicable."

Shelley's pamphlet is before us. Medwin, it seems, searched in vain for a copy. Ours was obtained through an Irish friend of Shelley's, whose acquaintance with the poet originated accidentally. A poor man offered the pamphlet for a few pence—its price, stated on the title-page, was fivepence. On being asked how he got it, he said a parcel of them were given him by a young gentleman, who told him to get what he could for them—at all events to distribute them. Inquiry was made at Shelley's lodgings to ascertain the truth of the vendor's story. He was not at home; but when he heard of it he went to return the visit, and kindly acquaintanceship thus arose. The Shelleys—husband and wife—were then Pythagoreans. Shelley spoke as a man believing in the metempsychosis—and they did not eat animal food. They

seem however to have tolerated it; for on one occasion a fowl was murdered for our friend's dinner. Of the first Mrs. Shelley, the recollection of our friend is very faint, but is of an amiable and unaffected person—very young and very pleasing—and she and Shelley seemed much attached. This affection seems to have preserved a doubtful life for some little while after they left Ireland, for we find a letter dated August, 1812, in which he says—"I am a young man, not of age, and have been married for a year to a woman younger than myself. Love seems inclined to stay in the prison, and my only reason for putting him in chains, whilst convinced of the unholiness of the act, was a knowledge that in the present state of society, if love is not thus villainously treated, she who is most loved will be treated worst by a misjudging world." His theoretical objections to marriage existed even before he had contracted that engagement with his first wife. It had been preached by him in *Queen Mab*. He had learned the doctrine, he says, before, but it was confirmed by a work of Sir James Lawrence, entitled "The Empire of the Nairs." Shelley's Irish pamphlet was not very likely to be popular among the Irish. He said to them that their religion—the Roman Catholic—had been a bad thing in long ago times. The Inquisition, he writes, "was set up, and in the course of one year thirty thousand people were burnt in Italy and Spain, for entertaining different opinions from those of the pope and the priests. The bigoted monks of France in one night massacred 80,000 Protestants. This was done under the authority of the pope. The vices of the monks and the nuns in their convents were in those times shameful; people thought that they might commit any sin, however monstrous, if they had money enough to prevail on the priests to absolve them." Such was the opening of Shelley's pacific discourse—to a people not likely to admit any of his facts. The Irish are a credulous and yet an unbelieving people. Like better educated people, and in a more advanced state of society, they believe just what they like; and it is not to be expected that they should give any assent whatever to Shelley's propositions. Your true Irishman will not even believe that a murder has been committed till some person is executed, and then it is the man who is hanged that he regards as murdered. "Some teach you that others are heretics, that you alone are right. * * * Beware, my friends, how you trust those who speak in this way; they will, I doubt not, attempt to rescue you from your present miserable state—but they will prepare a worse. It will be 'out of the frying-pan into the fire.' Your present oppressors, it is true, will then oppress you no longer, but you will feel the lash of a master a thousand times more bloodthirsty and cruel. Evil, designing men will spring up who will prevent you from thinking as you please—will burn you, if you do not think as they do." He then prophesies Catholic Emancipation, but tells them to take "great care that whilst one tyranny is destroyed another more fierce and terrible does not spring up.

Take care, then, of smooth-faced impostors, who talk indeed of freedom, but would cheat you into slavery. Can there be worse slavery than the depending for the safety of your soul on the will of another man? * * * Oh! Ireland, thou emerald of the ocean, whose sons are generous and brave, whose daughters are honorable, and frank and fair, thou art the isle in whose green shores I have desired to see the standard of liberty erected—a flag of fire, a beacon at which the world shall light the torch of freedom!"

The question of toleration is then discussed. Belief he regards as involuntary:—"We cannot believe just what we like, but only what we think to be true;" "It is not a merit to tolerate, but it is a crime to be intolerant;" "An act passed in the British parliament to take away the rights of Catholics to act in that assembly does not really take them away: it prevents them from doing it by force;" "Oh, Irishmen, I am interested in your cause, and it is not because you are Irishmen or Roman Catholics that I feel with you or feel for you—but because you are men and sufferers. Were Ireland at this moment peopled with brahmins, this very same address would have been suggested by the very same state of mind. You have suffered not merely for your religion, but some other causes which I am equally desirous of remedying. The union of England with Ireland has withdrawn the Protestant aristocracy and gentry from their native country, and with them their friends and connections. Their resources are taken from this country, though they are dissipated in another. The very poor people are most nefariously oppressed by the weight of the burden which the superior classes lay upon their shoulders. I am no less desirous for the reform of these evils (with many others) than for the Catholic emancipation."

He assumes that those whom he addresses are agreed with him on the general object, but that he and they may differ as to the means of effecting it. "If you are convinced of the truth of your cause, trust wholly to its truth; if you are not convinced, give it up: in no case employ violence." He tells them "to think and talk and discuss." "Be free and be happy, but first be wise and good." He tells them of the failure of the French Revolution, because violence was employed by the people. "The cause which they vindicated was that of truth, but they gave it the appearance of a lie." He tells them that "rebellion can never, under any circumstances, be good for their cause. It will bind you more closely to the work of the oppressor, and your children's children, whilst they talk of your exploits, will feel that you have done them injury instead of benefit." He advises sobriety, diligence in their respective callings, the education of themselves and their children, the avoidance of meeting in mobs:—"Before the restraints of government are lessened, it is fit that we should lessen the necessity for them. Before government is done away with, we must reform ourselves." * * * "In order to benefit yourselves and your country to

any extent, habits of sobriety, regularity, and thought, are previously so necessary, that without these preliminaries all you have done falls to the ground. You have built on sand. Secure a good foundation, and you may erect a fabric to stand forever as the glory and the envy of the world."

In his pamphlet, a distinct plan is proposed to aid in carrying out the projects of emancipation and the repeal of the union. That these and all other desirable changes are to arise as the natural consequences of the cultivation of wisdom and virtue in each family of the nation, he assumes and imagines that he proves. The pamphlet, he tells us, was written in England before his visit to Ireland, but he adds in a postscript the amusing information that "*he has now been a week in Dublin*,"—that he has made himself acquainted with the state of the public mind, and is prepared to recommend "an association for the purpose of restoring Ireland to the prosperity which she possessed before the union;" and he promises another pamphlet, in which he shall reveal the plan and structure of the proposed association. Whether he printed that pamphlet we have not been able to learn. It does not take long to learn all about Ireland! Shelley—a boy of nineteen—learned all about it in a week! Mr. Nicholls, when devising a system of poor-laws, destined to vary all the relations of property in that country, was able to accomplish his inquiry and prepare his report in about six!

Shelley left Dublin for the Isle of Man—and after some time we find him seeking to take a place in Radnorshire. He afterwards rented a cottage in Caernarvonshire, from a gentleman whom Medwin knew intimately, and with whom long afterwards he had many conversations about a strange incident in Shelley's life while in Wales: Shelley stated that at midnight, while in his study on the ground-floor, he heard a noise at the windows, saw one of the shutters gradually unclosed, and a head advanced into the room armed with a pistol. The muzzle was directed towards him, the aim taken, the weapon cocked, and the trigger drawn. The pistol snapped fire, Shelley rushed out to seize the assassin, and soon found himself face to face with the ruffian, who again raised his pistol, and it again snapped fire. Shelley seized his opponent, whom he described as a short, stout, strong man. "Shelley, though slightly built, was tall, and though incapable of supporting much fatigue, had the faculty at certain moments of evoking extraordinary powers, and concentrating all his energies to a given point. This singular phenomenon, which has been noticed in others, he displayed on this occasion, and it made the aggressor and Shelley no unequal match." After long wrestling his antagonist extricated himself from his grasp and disappeared. Shelley the next day made a deposition of these facts before a magistrate. We cannot but think that the conclusion to which it would appear that Captain Medwin and his friend, when conversing on the incident, came, must have been the true one, and that the whole scene was the

coinage of the poet's own fevered brain. He had come from Ireland, where such an incident would have been too probable. It is curious that Medwin's language, in narrating the circumstance, seems almost borrowed from a scene in *Thalaba*—a poem which at that time haunted Shelley's imagination, and Medwin's account must have been given by Shelley.

"Sinewy and strong of limb, Mohareb was
Broad-shouldered, and his joints
Knit firm, and in the strife
Of danger practised well.

Time had not yet matured young *Thalaba*;
But now the enthusiast mind,
The inspiration of his soul,
Pour'd vigor like the strength
Of madness through his frame.

Mohareb reels before him! he right on
With knee, with breast, with arm,
Presses the staggering foe."

Thalaba, Book v.

We think it certain that the confused recollection of this, or some such passage, and of some frightful scene enacted in the country which he had just left, at a time when he was living in strange solitude, oppressed his imagination. He was at this time, be it remembered, at war with his family and with society—and this is a state of existence in which a man is likely enough to fancy society at war with him, and to fall into that first stage of madness, which dreams of conspiracies, and mixes up actual events with unrealities. We state this, because we think, if it does not actually solve, it yet aids in the solution of some of the problems which Shelley's life suggests.

His first marriage was unhappy—it could scarce have been otherwise, though the recollections of those who have met the first Mrs. Shelley are exceedingly favorable to her. Shelley had neither house nor home, and a woman's heart is in her home. A boy of nineteen—disowned by his family—often without a shilling—flying from one spot to another—sometimes because of debt—sometimes because regarded by the police as mixed up with political objects of doubtful legality—can it be surprising that there was little opportunity for the feeling which he mistook for love, to ripen into anything of real affection? If there be one impulse stronger than another in a woman's mind, it is that which seeks, in a higher nature than her own, an object in which her thoughts may find all repose. What happiness could be anticipated when this hope was torn from her on earth by Shelley's indifference or alienation, and when it is probable that the refuge which she might have had in religion was also destroyed by his insane speculations? This unhappy union did not last many years. In spring, 1813, a separation took place between him and his wife, and she went to reside with her father and sister at Bath. Her death occurred about two years after the separation.

When Shelley had separated from his wife, he seems to have wandered for a year or two over the continent. On her death he went to Bath to re-

claim his children that were under her father's care. Whenever this incident is alluded to, the writers of Shelley's life feel it not unbecoming to upbraid Lord Eldon for his conduct, in what is called depriving Shelley of his children. The language is probably thoughtlessly used, but it suggests an absolutely false state of facts. One of the children was born after the separation, and neither of them had ever been under Shelley's exclusive care. When the separation took place, his daughter and the child then born were left with her father. Shelley never saw them afterwards. We cannot think it possible that any one who ever sat in the chancellor's seat in England could have, on the facts stated, come to any other conclusion than that which was forced on Lord Eldon, in the case of a man who had printed and circulated works—his friends stupidly seem to rely on the fact, that they were not, in the booksellers' sense of the word, *published* works—in which he denied the existence of a God, and who gave the court no reason to think he had changed his opinion. To such a man the education of children could not and ought not to have been entrusted—and we confess that our sympathies are altogether with the unfortunate grandfather of the children who had already lost his daughter, and who had bitter reason to judge of Shelley's principles by the fruit which he had seen them bear. Of Shelley himself it is impossible to think with other than feelings of tenderness; but the question for Lord Eldon was not how Shelley's opinions originated—and what the virtues of the individual were, which may perhaps have been in some views of the subject evidenced by the sort of persecution he underwent. We think Lord Eldon was throughout right in his judgment on this case, and his language, as given in Jacob's Law Reports, is calm and forbearing. Some very fierce verses of Shelley's against Lord Eldon, are preserved by Mrs. Shelley, and Medwin interprets—we think wrongly—some verses in an allegorical poem, called *Epipsychidion*, into an attack on his first wife.

In 1816, Shelley married again. The restlessness of mere boyhood had ceased. His pecuniary circumstances had greatly improved. This alone would be likely to render his second marriage happy. His wife, herself a woman of great genius, and who regarded Shelley with almost idolatrous veneration, has preserved a perfect record of his latter life. It was passed, for the first two or three years of their union, between visits to the continent and occasional residences in England, often in the neighborhood of the Thames.

"As soon as the peace of 1814 had opened the continent," says Mrs. Shelley, "he went abroad. He visited some of the more magnificent scenes of Switzerland, and returned to England from Lucerne by the Reuss and the Rhine. This river navigation enchanted him. In his favorite poem of *Thalaba* his imagination had been delighted by such a voyage. The summer of 1815 was passed, after a visit to Devonshire, on the borders of Windsor Forest. He visited the source of the Thames, making a voyage in a wherry from Windsor to

Cricklade. '*Alaster*' was composed on his return."

Alaster is a poem beautifully conceived, and beautifully executed. Of Shelley's poems, it alone is perfect in its truth—of Shelley's poems, it alone is free from the disturbing influences of the war with society in which he had so early and so madly engaged. We have said that in all Shelley's poems his study of Southey's works is manifested. In all Shelley's poems there is evidence of original genius of the very highest order; but the early works of a poet cannot but exhibit the food on which his spirit feeds. Shelley had not, at any period of his life, studied largely our earlier writers; and at the time *Queen Mab* and *Alaster* were written we think it improbable that he had read any English poetry of an earlier date than that of the great poets of his own time. Wordsworth's poem of *Tintern Abbey*, and the passage in *Joan of Arc* which describes the inspiration of the heroine, seem to have possessed his imagination when "*Alaster*" was written. Such imitation as this implies is for the most part unconscious, and only analogous to a child expressing its own thoughts and feelings in its parents' language. "*Alaster*" represents a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius—we use Shelley's language—drinking deep of the fountains of knowledge, and yet insatiate. While his desires point to the external universe, he is tranquil and joyous; but the period arrives when this ceases to suffice. "His mind is at length suddenly awakened, and thirsts for an intelligence similar to itself. He images to himself the being whom he loves." He is the creature of imagination, and seeks to unite in one object all that he can picture to his mind of good, or pure, or true; he seeks that which must end in disappointment. "Blasted by disappointment, he descends into an untimely grave."

"The poet's self-centred seclusion is avenged by the furies of an irresistible passion pursuing him to speedy ruin;" and hence the name of the poem—the word "*Alaster*" signifying the avenger of crime, and the criminal. Both uses of the word seem present to Shelley's mind in a case where the crime was that of too intense indulgence of imagination, and where the punishment is a vain search in the world of actual life for an ideal which is the creation of the mind itself, and which could not, under any conceivable conditions, be realized. Shelley wrote the poem in the belief that he was dying. Abscesses had formed on his lungs, and recovery seemed to his physicians impossible. Physical suffering is the hot-bed of genius; and the strange circumstances of his life were calculated to make Shelley look inward on his own nature and being. The poem is one of touching solemnity. In the language there is not, as far as we know, a strain of melody sustained throughout at the same elevation.

The tale is the simplest in the world. The hero, a poet, leaves,

"When early youth has pass'd,
His cold fireside and alienated home,"

and wanders over the world. He visits the ruins of a hundred cities. He views with delight the most magnificent scenes of nature. At length, in the valley of Cashmere, while he sleeps behold a vision!

"He dreamed a veiled maid
Sate near him, talking in low, solemn tones.
Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
Heard in the calm of thought. * *
Knowledge and truth and virtue were her theme,
And lofty hopes of divine liberty
(Thoughts the most dear to him) and poesy—
Herself a poet. Soon the solemn mood
Of her pure mind kindled through all her frame
A permeating fire; wild numbers then
She raised, with voice stifled in tremulous sobs
Subdued by its own pathos; her fair hands
Were bare alone, sweeping from some strange harp
Strange symphony:

Night

Involved and swallowed up the vision: sleep,
Like a dark flood suspended in its course,
Rolled back its impulse on his vacant brain."

Nothing can be finer than the passage that follows:—

"Roused by the shock, he started from his trance:
The cold white light of morning, the blue moon
Low in the west, the clear and garish hills,
The distinct valley, and the vacant wood,
Stood round him where he stood. Whither have
fled

The hues of heaven that canopied his bower
Of yesternight? The sounds that soothed his
sleep,

The mystery and the majesty of earth,
The joy, the exultation! His wan eyes
Gaze on the empty scene as vacantly
As ocean's moon looks on the moon in heaven.
The spirit of sweet human love has such
A vision to the sleep of him who spurned
Her choicest gifts. *He eagerly pursues,
Beyond the realm of dreams, that fleeting shade:
He overleaps the bounds!—*

Lost, lost, forever lost,

In the wide, pathless desert of dim sleep,
That beautiful shape! Does the dark gate of death
Conduct to thy mysterious paradise,
O Sleep?"

"While daylight held

The sky, the poet kept mute conference
With his still soul. At night the passion came
Like the fierce fiend of a distempered dream,
And shook him from his rest, and led him forth
Into the darkness. As an eagle, grasped
In folds of the green serpent, feels her breast
Burn with the poison, and precipitates,
Through night and day, tempest, and calm, and
cloud,

Frantic with dizzying anguish, her blind flight
O'er the wide æry wilderness: thus driven
By the bright shadows of that lovely dream,
He fled."

His wanderings are described, and then follows a very striking passage:—

"The cottagers,

Who ministered with human charity
His human wants, beheld with wondering awe
Their fleeting visitant: The mountaineer,

Encountering on some dizzy precipice
That spectral form, deemed that the spirit of wind
With lightening eyes, and eager breath, and feet
Disturbing not the drifted snow, had paused
In his career: The infant would conceal
His troubled visage in his mother's robe,
In terror at the glare of those wild eyes,
To remember their strange light in many a dream
Of after times; but youthful maidens, taught
By nature, would interpret half the woe
That wasted him, would call him with false names,
Brother, and friend, would press his pallid hand
At parting, and watch, dim through tears, the path
Of his departure from their father's door."

"A strong impulse urged

His steps to the sea-shore. A swan was there
Beside a sluggish stream, among the reeds.
It rose as he approached, and with strong wings
Scaling the upward sky, bent its bright course
High over the immeasurable main.
His eyes pursued its flight!—'Thou hast a home,
Beautiful bird—thou voyagest to thine home,
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes
Bright in the lustre of their own fond joy!"

Startled by his own thoughts, he looked around—
There was no fair fiend near him, not a sight
Or sound of awe, but in his own deep mind."

The mystery of the poem deepens. A little
shallop, floating near the shore, catches his eye—

"It had been long abandoned, for its sides
Gaped wide with many a rift, and its frail joints
Swayed with the undulation of the tide.
A restless impulse urged him to embark,
And meet lone Death on the drear ocean's waste,
For well he knew that mighty shadow loves
The slimy caverns of the populous deep."

His voyage is described, and finally his death.
The poem is in form narrative, but, throughout,
the language is steeped in the deepest hues of
passion, and from it might be augured with cer-
tainty the future great dramatic poet. The ro-
mance of the subject justifies and almost demands
a pomp of words which would be out of place in
the more sober scenes in which Wordsworth has
placed the interlocutors in the Excursion. We are
far from regarding Shelley as in any mental power
inferior to Southey, but we can everywhere trace
the influence of the elder poet's mind. We have
alluded to Joan of Arc and Thalaba, and in the
passages which we have just quoted from Alaster,
is it possible to avoid remembering the dream by
which Roderic is summoned to his appointed task,
and the effect of his appearance among those
engaged in the business of ordinary life?

"Through the streets he went
With haggard mien and countenance, like one
Crazed and bewildered. All who met him turned
And wondered as he past. One stopt him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him.

The Mussulman

Shrunk at the ghastly sight, and magnified
The name of Allah, as he hastened on.
A Christian woman spinning at the door

Beheld him, and with sudden pity touched
She laid her spindle by," &c.—*Southey's Roderic*.

The composition of the two passages is the same, although the probability is, that Shelley had no distinct recollection of the passage he was imitating. Alaster is in all respects superior to Queen Mab, Shelley's earliest poem. The vicious structure of society is the subject of Queen Mab—and all its evils are presented to the imagination as if they could be at once removed by strong exertion of the will. It is but for each individual to will it—war, marriage, religion, and all the miseries that disquiet life, will at once cease. Shelley's self-deception arises from his contemplating man's nature as it is in itself, as it existed in Paradise anterior to the existence of society—and from this drawing inferences that can have no application to the artificial state of existence which we, and our parents, and our children, are born into. Absolute, unmodified rights there are none; and of the necessary modifications it is not possible that a boy of eighteen should have experience enough of life to form any right estimate. Shelley is almost inspired when he holds communion with his own mind alone and reveals its movements. His fantasies, when they would stretch at all beyond that which ought to have been "the haunt and main region of his song," are mere dreams, and ought to be remembered or forgotten as such. As to religion, perhaps the most valuable lesson that can be learned from Shelley's poetry is, that man cannot exist without one. Keats dreamed out a sort of heathen mythology for himself, in which he seems to have had a kind of belief;—and Shelley in his Queen Mab—a poem in which the existence of a Creator of the world is denied—speaks of a spirit of the universe, and a coëternal fairy of the earth. Verily, this atheism is a strange pretence. It is at once lost in pantheism or polytheism; indeed, nothing but the transitoriness of words, and the impossibility of permanently uniting by such ties the combinations of thought in which Shelley almost revelled, enabled him to distinguish his state of mind from that of a pagan, dreaming of Apollo, and the Hours, and the Graces. In Shelley's case "the figures quaint and sweet," are "all made out of the carver's brain;" but they are, as in the case of the idolatries of old, a sort of fanciful religion, evidencing the yearnings of the human mind for something beyond itself, which it is unable to supply—and which it seeks to create for itself by one fiction or another. Shelley was a child, with a child's simplicity and goodness; but a child's entire inexperience; of the world within his own bosom none could be more entirely conscious. There he saw clearly—as clearly as natural reason—"The light that lighteneth every man that comes into the world," enabled him. It seems strange how a boy educated in a Christian country should have been left so entirely to himself on subjects of religion; for his education in which, no adequate provision seems to have been made by his

parents or his masters. He seems to have been left to himself almost entirely, and to have judged by the evils which he everywhere saw in the institutions of society, many of which seemed to exist in direct counteraction of their original purposes. The astonishing thing in Shelley is, that in spite of great neglect in his instructors—in spite of a sort of self-education conducted on the principle, that everything his masters thought to teach him was worthless—in spite of his early studies of all circulating library nonsense—in spite of his own additions to its store—in spite of his extreme disputatiousness—in spite of boyish vanity, there can be no doubt that there are, through his whole short life, decided improvement—an increasing disposition towards a juster appreciation of the views of other men—a benevolence that led him, not alone in his writings to inculcate, but in his practice to realize, the lesson of never returning evil for evil. We do not think that there is reason to say, as has been sometimes said, that his views had changed with respect to Christianity; on this subject—and not on this subject alone—we really think there was in his mind a taint of insanity. The hatred, the malignity of feeling with which Christianity is treated by this preacher of unlimited toleration, is we think to be accounted for by nothing else. His infidelity is something not unlike Newman's, and arising very much in the same way. He excludes the books in which the doctrines of Christianity are contained, as any part of the evidence which is to show what Christianity is, and assumes the history of a world, warring with every one of its doctrines, to be the history of Christianity. Nothing can be more offensive than the tone in which, to speak of no higher considerations, good taste is violated by the introduction of sacred names, for the purpose of increasing the effect of some of the scenes in his poems. Prometheus is made, in one passage, to witness in vision the stupendous mystery of our Lord's crucifixion, and to sympathize with the sufferer. We feel this sort of patronage more offensive—absolutely more offensive than the passages in Queen Mab, in which the language is of unmitigated scorn; yet it would be unfair not to acknowledge that it shows an improved state of feeling on the subject in Shelley's mind. In the Revolt of Islam, too, we are glad to state our entire belief in Shelley's statement, that "the erroneous and degrading idea, which men have conceived of a Supreme Being is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being himself." This is different—essentially different—from the temper in which Queen Mab is written, and in which he himself indulges in the violent passions which he imputes to others. The "Revolt of Islam," though written a few years after "Alaster," was written in the same feeling of approaching death, and in the hope—nay rather with the determination—of leaving a record of himself. It contains many passages of great beauty, but is deformed—we speak of it as a poem—by much political disquisition, which has neither the calmness of philosophy, nor the less sober

charm of poetry. It was written in the summer months of 1817, when he lived at Marlow; "in his boat as it floated under the beech groves of Bisham, or during wanderings in the neighboring country, which is distinguished for peculiar beauty." Marlow was then inhabited by a very poor population—the women lacemakers. "The poor laws," says Mrs. Shelley, "ground to the dust, not only the paupers, but those who had risen just above that state, and were obliged to pay poor-rates."—Shelley was generous, and did what he could to relieve the distress. Howitt went a year or two ago to Marlow, to look after such recollections or traditions as might remain of the poet. One man remembered his boat, on the stern of which was painted its name—"The *Vaga*," and that some Marlow wag had added the letters *bond*. This he told exultingly—and this seemed to end the record. At last an obscure whisper ran among the circle that gathered round the inquisitorial quaker, of one man who did remember him. He was sent for, and he came. Howitt sat silent, listening till the squire—for so the man in black seemed to be—might deign to speak.

"Art thou the squire? Or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?"

was the thought of the wondering quaker, as he gazed on the tall gaunt figure. Can he be the executor? was the thought of the man in black, who at last revealed the secret of his recollection, and said he had good cause to remember Mr. Shelley. He was a very good man. When they left Marlow they directed all their bills to be sent in—all that were sent in were paid. His—he was a chandler—was neglected to be sent—and was not paid. Howitt rushed to his carriage, indignant at the baseness of mankind, indignant too at the sad fact that the house once occupied by Shelley is now a pot-house!

It is impossible for us, within the limits to which we must confine ourselves, to speak as we could wish of Shelley's mastery over language—which was gradually becoming perfect. The exceeding subtlety of his thoughts was such as to demand every aid that words could give, and the result was a power of language such as no English poet has before attained. This, had Shelley lived, would probably have made him our greatest poet, for there is no one of his poems that gives in any degree an adequate measure of his intellectual power. We feel of him as if he had created a language, in which he did not live long enough to have written anything. He died while his best powers were yet immature. The effect of such poems as he did write was diminished by his lavish expenditure of this rich and overflowing language, which goes beyond the thought, and instead of expressing conceals it or magnifies it into undue pomp. Each successive work exhibited increased power of condensation—and language, by doing no more than its proper business, had a thousand-fold more power. Of this the *Cenci* is a remarkable instance. It is Shelley's greatest poem.

The others are, in comparison with it, scarcely more than the exercises of a boy, disciplining himself for the tasks of an after period of life. In modern poetry there is nothing equal to the passage describing the scene of the proposed murder—shall we not say execution—of the father.

"*Lucretia*.

To-morrow, before dawn,
Cenci will take us to that lonely rock,
Petrella, in the Apulian Apennines
—If he arrive there.

Beatrice.

He must not arrive.

Orsino.

Will it be dark before you reach the tower?

Lucretia.

The sun will scarce be set.

Beatrice.

But I remember,
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine—'t is rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,
Which has, from unimaginable years,
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down,
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging leans;
And leaning makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall. Beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns—below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm.

* * What sound is that?

Lucretia.

Hark!—No, it cannot be a servant's step,
It must be Cenci. * * *

Beatrice.

That step we hear approach must never pass
The bridge of which we spoke."

In this passage the description of the rock overhanging the precipice, and the simile forced as it were on the imagination of the speaker, by the circumstances in which she is compelled to think of her father's guilt, is absolutely the finest thing we have ever read. In the *Prometheus* there is a passage of great power, which in the same manner is justified by the way in which it is put into the mouth of Asia, the devoted lover of Prometheus:—

"Hark! the rushing snow!

The sun-awakened avalanche—whose mass,
Thrice sifted by the storm, had gathered there,
Flake after flake—in heaven-defying minds
As thought by thought is piled, till some great truth
Is loosened, and the nations echo round,
Shaken to their roots, as do the mountains now!"

Whatever the merit of the passage may be, considered as descriptive, its true value is of another kind. That every object in nature should suggest Prometheus to his bride—that his defiance

of Jupiter should be above all things, and by all things presented to her imagination, in a journey which is taken for the very purpose of appealing against the tyranny of the despotic ruler of the skies to some higher power, is we think a proof of the highest dramatic genius in the poet. We are reminded of a triumph of the same kind—in which, however, fancy predominates rather than imagination—but in which the description of natural scenery is rendered subservient to dramatic purposes, and thus gains tenfold beauty and propriety, in De Vere's noble poem of "The Waldenses." A dignified ecclesiastic finds himself ascending a glen in the valley of Rosa:—

"Cardinal.

This cloud-heaped tempest,
Roars like a river down yon dim ravine!—
See you! those pines are tortured by the storm,
To shapes more gnarled than their roots—fantastic
As are the thoughts of some arch-heretic,
That have no end—aye, self-entangling snares,
Nets for the fowls of air!"

Shelley's Prometheus, though inferior to the Cenci in the concentration of power, is a poem of wonderful beauty. These mythical legends easily mould themselves to any shape the poet pleases. When Shelley wrote Queen Mab he recommended abstinence from animal food, and even doubted the fitness of eating any vegetables except raw. The story of Prometheus then typified to his fancy the cruel man who first killed the ox, and used fire for culinary purposes. In the Prometheus of 1819, he gives the legend another color. Evil is an usurpation and an accident, and is finally to pass away through the effects of diffused knowledge and the predominance of good will, to the triumph of man acting in the spirit of love. The language of many of the old mythologists represents Jupiter as a disobedient son dethroning Saturn, and the restoration of Saturnian times is anticipated. On this view is Shelley's drama founded. "Prometheus is the type of the highest perfection of moral and intellectual nature, impelled by the purest and truest motives to the best and noblest ends." With the exception of a passage which we have before adverted to as deforming the drama, it is a work of the very highest power. The opening is in the spirit of Æschylus, and we think equal. In Æschylus the gifts which Prometheus is supposed to have given to man, are somewhat inartificially made the subject of boasting by Prometheus himself; in Shelley they are more naturally and more gracefully related by Asia. The scene in which Prometheus desires to bear the curse which he had imprecated against Jupiter, and the calling up the phantasm of Jupiter himself to pronounce it, because he will not expose any living thing to the suffering consequent on uttering it, is unequalled by anything in Æschylus or Goethe.

When the curse is repeated, Prometheus addresses the Spirit of the Earth:

"Were these my words, oh Parent?

The Earth.

They were thine.

Prometheus.

It doth repent me; words are quick and vain,
Grief for awhile is blind, and so is mine—
I wish no living thing to suffer pain."

We wish greatly that we had room for the scene in which Asia and Panthea are represented as on their journey to the cave of Demogorgon—a mighty spirit superior to Jupiter, but himself bound by the fates. In the description of the dreams that suggest the journey, in the songs of spirits accompanying or welcoming Asia and Panthea as they advance, in the change of external nature and all its objects, animate and inanimate, when breathed on by the spirit of love—every word of Shelley's has its own peculiar beauty. This may be, and no doubt often is, as the author of Philip Von Artevelde has told us, a fault, and poetry should be, in the words of Milton, simple rather than subtle and fine; yet here the language is spiritual as that of Ariel, and the fancy of the hearer, already awakened and alive, conjures up images as rapidly as the successive words can suggest them. To do anything like justice to this passage, we should print several pages of the poem. The scene in which Jupiter himself is presented, is we think altogether a failure. The change which earth is supposed to undergo in consequence of his actual fall, is represented in a number of choral hymns, and this part of the poem is unequal to the two first acts.

The Prometheus and the Cenci were both written in Italy. "The Prometheus," says Shelley, "was written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinth upon its immense platforms, and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama."

Keats died at Rome in February, 1821, and Shelley's poem on his death is perhaps the poem of all others of his, which, carefully studied, gives the truest notion of his mind. It is scarce possible that it should ever be popular in the ordinary meaning of the word, or should excite admiration in the same way as the "Cenci," or some scenes of the "Prometheus." As in the case of Milton's "Lycidas," the reader has to transpose himself into an imagined position, without the aid which dramatic forms give to produce that effect. "Lycidas" was not only not understood when it was first published, but the reader has only to look at any of the editions of Milton, with illustrative notes, to see that it is still misunderstood, even by his best commentators—so gradually and so slowly is it that the class of poetry which would overfly common sympathies, and address itself to any peculiar state of feelings, is appreciated. In the Adonais

among the mountain shepherds—the imagined mourners for the dead—Shelley describes himself; and it is some evidence how little the poem is understood, that we have repeatedly seen the lines quoted, as Shelley's description of Chatterton.

"Midst others

Of less note—came one frail form,
A phantom among men: companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell: he, as I guess,
Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their
prey.

A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,
A Love in desolation masked—a Power
Girt round with weakness:—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow; *even whilst we speak*
Is it not broken?

All stood aloof—well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own."

The poem closes—as Mrs. Shelley has remarked—with words almost prophetic of his own approaching fate.

"The breath, whose might I have invoked in song,
Descends on me: my spirit's bark is driven
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng,
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and sphered skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully afar;
Whilst, burning through the inmost veil of heaven
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

At no period of Shelley's life did he enjoy good health; and when he and Byron lived in the same neighborhood, "he was too much broken in upon and distracted by society to concentrate his mind on any one subject." To him the society of Byron must have been in every way injurious. Indeed, Moore's "Life of Byron," and Medwin's "Conversations," give abundant proof that it was so in every higher point of view; and even intellectually its effect was to prevent his writing. Byron did not read Shelley's poems; at least so one of his letters says; and Shelley describes himself as the glow-worm which ceased to emit its light in sunshine. Whenever Shelley, then, was not supported by dramatic forms, which compelled him to assume the language and the passions of men, and thus to appeal to our common sympathies, he shrank from the contemplation of his own sufferings, and of the wrongs—as he supposed them to be, and as they perhaps were—which were the consequence of his early alienation from his family and natural friends—and retired into a world of dream and mysticism. In this spirit "The Witch of Altun," "The Triumph of Life," and "The Epipsychidion," are written. In these we think he exhibits more thoughtful appreciation of the powers of language than is apparent in his

greater works; but in all these there is an almost morbid life, as if each particle lived and were releasing itself from the vital action of imagination that ought to have animated all. From this fault, his strong good sense—the distinguishing attribute of his mind as proved in all his later letters—would have undoubtedly rescued him. From these poems of more subtle woof, of which the colors seem to exist only in particular dispositions of light and shade, it would be idle to give any extracts. They are often of consummate beauty.

There is no great English poet who has not at times exercised himself in translation. It is spoken lightly of only by those who know nothing whatever of the subject on which they are speaking; but none more than the poets who have best succeeded know how "miserably inadequate" translation must always be.* Yet there are circumstances in which this exertion of mind is possible when works properly original are out of the question. Carey's Dante, Cowper's Homer, perhaps Coleridge's Wallenstein, are instances of this. Shelley, in one of his letters, says he will not allow himself to be seduced into translation; and there can be little doubt that powers of the same kind, that in moments of happiness would be better employed in original works, are required for this task. What Shelley, however, shrunk from at first, was at last assumed by him from the promptings of a generous spirit. He could not assist the periodical work which Byron and Leigh Hunt projected, by original contributions; and it occurred to him that Hunt might be served by a few specimens from Calderon and Goethe. This originated his "Scenes from Faust," and "The Magico Prodigioso." Some inaccuracies have been pointed out in the translations from Goethe, which so far injure their effect. The translations from Calderon are, we think, in every way superior to his "Scenes from Faust," with the wild song chanted by *Mephistopheles*, *Faust*, and *Ignis Fatuus*, as they ascend the Hartz Mountains.

Shelley, in sending his "Prometheus" to a friend, observed that poets are aameleon race, and in their colors exhibit the ground over which they are travelling, and he expresses fears lest he may have unconsciously imitated Faust. It is more certain that in translating "Faust," he adopts his own former language of "Prometheus," and heightens the effect by a line or two scarcely altered from the songs of Asia and Panthea. Of his translations, the best—indeed, we think the best translation in the language—is Homer's Hymn to Mercury. Its power, too, is of a kind which no other work of Shelley's would prepare us for. We cannot but think that his "Peter Bell the Third," and "Œdipus Swellfoot," which Mrs. Shelley has given in her last edition of his works, and which we hope she may feel herself at liberty to omit from every future one, are exceedingly heavy. Were it not for his translation of this

* See Shelley's Essays and Letters from Abroad, vol. ii. p. 249.

hymn, we should have thought that he had no appreciation of true humor.

In Mr. Medwin's book we find a passage from the Purgatory of Dante, translated by Shelley, which we have not before seen. It perhaps deserves preservation; but it is not, we think, equal to the corresponding passage in Carey. The fantastic image of the "interwoven looms" in Shelley has no warrant from anything in the original. We can imagine the exigencies of rhyme suggesting the word "looms," and the poet deceiving himself with assigning to it the semblance of a meaning. Metaphors are dangerous things, and "looms" bring with them the thought of "weaving;" but "interwoven looms" defy all interpretation. This Mr. Medwin thinks very admirable. "The fragment leaves on the mind an inextinguishable regret"—such is his absurd language—"that he had not completed it; nay, more, that he did not employ himself in rendering others of the finest passages." Can the "interwoven looms" have been Shelley's? Is it not probable that there is some mistake in the transcript?

' And earnest to explore within, around,
That divine wood, whose thick, green living woof
Temper'd the young day to the sight, I wound
Up a green slope, beneath the starry roof,
With slow, slow steps, leaving the mountain's
steep,
And sought those leafy labyrinths, motion-proof
Against the air that in that stillness deep
And solemn, struck upon my forehead bare
Like the sweet breathing of a child in sleep.

Already had I lost myself so far
Amid that tangled wilderness, that I
Perceived not where I entered; but no fear
Of wandering from my way disturbed, when nigh
A little stream appeared; the grass that grew
Thick on its banks impeded suddenly
My going on. Water of purest dew
On earth would appear turbid and impure
Compared with this, whose unconcealing hue—
Dark, dark, yet clear, moved under the obscure
Of the close boughs, whose interwoven looms
No ray of moon or sunshine would endure.
My feet were motionless; but mid the glooms
Darted my charmed eyes contemplating
The mighty multitude of fresh May blooms
That stared that night, when even as a thing
That suddenly for blank astonishment
Charms every sense, and makes all thought take
wing.

Appeared a solitary maid. She went
Singing, and gathering flower after flower,
With which her way was painted and besprent.

Bright lady! who, if looks had ever power
To bear true witness of the heart within,
Dost bask under the beams of love, come lower
Unto this bank—prithce, oh! let me win
This much of thee—oh, come! that I may hear
Thy song. Like Proserpine, in Enna's glen,
Thou seemest to my fancy—singing here,
And gathering flowers, as that fair maiden, when
She lost the spring, and Ceres her—more dear!"

With these lines we close our notice of Shelley. There are some subjects connected with it, at which

we have not had time to glance. As far, however, as they connect themselves with the philosophy of language, which an examination of Shelley's works almost forces on the mind, future opportunities of considering the way in which the words in which thought is expressed react on the mind itself, will no doubt arise. As far as the speculations on society are concerned, and on the awful subjects which, in his earliest youth, Shelley ventured to discuss, we think that we should be guilty of actual irreverence in introducing any rash discussion on them in a paper devoted to a subject purely literary. In the course of our paper, it was impossible that we should not have expressed strongly our feelings that Shelley was throughout wrong in all his speculations on religion and morals. But of himself—of his own purity of views—generosity of conduct—gentleness of disposition, and unwearied efforts to promote the happiness of all with whom he was in any way connected—there are none more entirely satisfied than we. And the evidence—which we have been the first to produce—given by his Pamphlet on Ireland, of the young reformer calling on those whom he addresses to begin by reforming themselves, may prove that ardent as was the passion for reforming society with which he was reproached, it was tempered with discretion. Mrs. Shelley has led us to hope that at some future time a detailed account of Shelley's life may be published by herself, or with her sanction. We trust that such purpose, if still entertained, may not be interrupted or interfered with by Captain Medwin's unreadable and presumptuous book.

MAN'S LASTING WORKS.

[From Mr. Quincy's address on laying the corner-stone of the Boston Water Works.]

We have now placed this stone on its final resting place. Primitive rock, it has existed from the creation, unchanged by fire, unmoved by earthquake—it will exist till time shall be no more.

Creatures of a day, the contemplation of perpetuity, even of that which is inanimate, cannot but excite an interest, and we cannot but ask what changes it will witness.

The foundations of Roman aqueducts now remain, though two thousand years have passed since they were laid. Why may not this edifice be of equal perpetuity?

It will stand for centuries, and while it ministers to countless thousands of the generations which come after us, our republic will extend to the Pacific. Railroads and magnetic telegraphs will unite the vast population. The summit of that dome will be in view of the homes of a million of people. Our city will be on the highway between the old world and India—and physical prosperity will probably reach its zenith. May we not hope that it will witness an equal progress in moral, intellectual, and religious excellence: that our beloved country will be a beacon—not like that which once rose above this spot to warn of danger, and of peril, but a beacon to illuminate the world, and guide the nations to a rational freedom, and universal peace.

THE BRIDGE AT THE FALLS.—I have been intensely interested to-day in listening to a description, from a well-informed and competent source, of the great bridge over the gorge that separates the dominions of the queen from those of the president. If anything could be wanting in the attraction of the country about Niagara to turn thither the tour of the multitudes in the pleasure season, this bridge will supply it. Its thousands of tons weight of the strongest iron cord that the ingenuity of the iron-master can desire find a safe support in wrought iron anchors built in the solid rock one hundred feet below the surface, so that before it could yield, the very rock-bound earth would forsake its tenacity. A large wooden frame-work is to be placed so that no undulating motion can be experienced. In full sight of the cataract—the surge of angry waters far beneath—the sullen storm-beaten rocks all around—the quick locomotive will put forth all its quickness to rush beyond the peril of its journey. This glorious work is already begun—the money for its cost paid in and available—the excavations commenced—and the contractor is to cross on horseback by the middle of next June. Its firmness is to be such that with all the burthen of a powerful locomotive and a long attendant train of cars it is not to vibrate one inch in the centre. The railway is to occupy the centre—two carriage ways on either side and two foot ways.

What a magnificent spectacle this road, in full use, will present! A road of this kind over the Menai Straits in Wales is famous for the daring displayed in its construction. That over the Niagara will soon be world-famed. It will be an iron link of civilization between the two ruling powers of the world, and will never be severed.

One of the first thoughts that presents itself in reference to the construction is, as to how the wires are to be thrown across. The steamboat now used below the falls is to take over two cables, to which strands of iron are affixed. These are to be drawn over till two ropes of iron are drawn over, on which a temporary pathway is to be placed—and when I inquired where workmen *could* be found that had nerve enough to work effectually under such circumstances, the answer, so characteristic of American strength of action, was, "Oh, there are always plenty of Yankees who have both the courage to work there, and the ingenuity to work well."

The great railway in Canada which is to connect with this mighty work presents some admirable features. Its grade is over twenty feet, and a very, very large proportion of the distance is on a straight line. On one line, perfectly straight, ninety miles are laid out. All the highways of the country are to pass either over or under the road, by depression or elevation—to be entirely removed, so that there will be neither obstacle nor hindrance to a flight, which will put more life into the provincial dominion of her Britannic Majesty, than it has yet seen. "That same" province of Canada West has yet to see great days. England expends millions on sections of her great dominion, far less worthy of her notice and fostering care.

"The last link is" completed when this great bridge of the cataract shall have been completed. From Boston and from New York an unbroken line is presented, and the day is soon coming when some correspondent of yours will delineate the incidents of a thirty hours' journey from the metropolis to Detroit. Such are the movements and the pro-

gresses in support of which all may unite, and which mark no busy day.—*N. Y. Courier.*

FUNERAL OF CHANCELLOR KENT.—The remains of the venerable and venerated Kent were followed to the tomb, on the 15th December, by the largest assemblage of men of intellect and learning ever witnessed on a similar occasion in this or probably any other country. The day was beautiful beyond anything we have known at this season of the year; the sun shone forth in all its splendor, and with a genial warmth and balmy influence which partook of May rather than December. Not a breath of air was stirring; while there was a stillness and repose in the atmosphere which, bright and warm as it was, almost forced upon the mind a belief that even the elements were made to partake in the passing scene. We could not but feel the remarkable coincidence between the character of the day and the life of him we had assembled to follow to his final resting place. It was indeed a fitting close to such a career—the termination of which was as bright as its dawn, and as peaceful as its midday was resplendent; and few there were in the assembled multitude, who did not appear to feel that the day itself was peculiarly in keeping with the life and death of the great and good man, whose beautiful simplicity of character caused him at all times to be surrounded with a sunshine as radiant as that which attended upon the last offices of friendship and respect to his mortal remains.

The funeral procession, headed by the Rev. Dr. Taylor and Rev. Mr. Southard, moved at the appointed hour to *Calvary* church; where the rector, Mr. Southard, of whose parish the deceased was a member and communicant, performed the solemn and imposing service so appropriately set apart by the Episcopal church for "the burial of the dead." We regret, however, that any portion of that solemn service should have been *sung* instead of being *read* on this occasion. It lost thereby, in our opinion, much of its solemnity—a solemnity which, under any circumstances, is most impressive and imposing, but which when read in the clear, full tones, and by the musical voice of the eloquent rector of *Calvary* church, is to us the most impressive ceremony ever conceived by man to teach his fellow-man the nothingness of life—the reality of a future—and the value, as well as necessity, of *faith*.

Chancellor Kent was, as we have said before, a *professor* of religion, and very recently a communicant in the *Episcopal* church; and it is worthy of remark, that, within the past year, Chief Justice Spencer, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Clay, have all partaken of the communion in the same church—Mr. Webster having received the communion about a year since from the hands of the Rev. Mr. Southard in *Calvary* church, without any allusion to the fact being made in the public press. This public testimony of four of the greatest intellects of the age—and all within the same year—to the great truths of Christianity, is well worthy of note; and cannot fail to arrest the attention and consideration of all who pause in the midst of the *present* to reflect upon the *future*, at the same time that the *Episcopal* church may well be proud of being the channel through which such testimony has been added to the truth, the value, and the want and necessity of practical faith.—*N. Y. Courier.*

EDITH KINNAIRD.—CHAPTER II.

THE breakfast party at Beechwood was by no means calculated to soothe or cheer the depressed spirits of poor Edith. Mr. and Mrs. Dalton never absolutely quarrelled, but then they never absolutely agreed; and the ceaseless cavils—the small contradictions that seemed uttered only because the impulse was to differ rather than to acquiesce—the obtrusive independence of opinions and dissonance of feelings between the husband and wife, made their dejected visitor almost long for one hearty outburst, after which the natural shame consequent upon an overt breach of the peace might have kept the belligerent parties in better order for some time to come.

Edith's principal feeling was utter weariness; she had lost all energy—everything saddened or fatigued her; the most insignificant trial seemed too heavy for her fortitude to endure—the smallest trouble too great for her weakness to undertake it. She was disposed to sit still and let life pass by her as a pageant which she scarcely cared to look at. Yet her inaction was not repose, it was hopeless, helpless languor; her interest in this world was not superseded by a higher and nobler interest—it was extinguished by a miserable indifference which offered no substitute for the light which its cold fingers had quenched. The only vivid feeling of which she was conscious, was a desire to conceal the cause and nature of the change which had taken place in her. Mournful, indeed, was the thin veil of unnatural cheerfulness which she carefully drew around the dark form of sorrow—mournful because it was so unreal and external. It differed as widely from the hope and faith which arise to beautify the gloom of affliction, first sustaining, and finally healing, the wounded spirit, as the trim walks and shaven lawns of the modern cemetery—where Death stands like a skeleton in a hoop and powder, all the more unsightly from the efforts made to polish away the awfulness of his aspect—differ from the grave in the shadow of the village-church, with the rough wooden cross at its head, and its surface planted with violets and forget-me-nots, telling of a love that looks back to the past, and forward to the future. She needed an atmosphere of peace ere she could even begin to recover, as a wounded limb needs to be covered and kept still ere the work of healing can commence. This she found not, therefore her wounds remained in their first fresh openness, and it was only the strange apathy which had fallen upon her which saved her from a fever of impatience and disgust. Neither had she the questionable consolation of secretly indulging her grief, for her proud spirit disdained to admit even to itself how much it was suffering. Utterly unequal as she was to the contest, she stung herself into resistance from time to time, as a thoughtless rider spurs his horse to a leap for which it has not strength, and which, if it is attempted, risks his own destruction; and her attitude, even when subdued, was still that of defiance. But her self-confidence was beginning to forsake her, and the first doubt which she felt of Mrs. Dalton's perfection was the first step towards its removal. Half unconsciously she had suffered a system to arise in her mind, based upon the pleasant and refined philosophy of that lady and her cousin, which supplied her with a stand of right and wrong so conveniently elastic that it almost excluded the possibility of self-condemnation, as it quite dispensed with the necessity of self-denial. Trying herself by this standard, she had remained satisfied

that she had done no wrong, and the whole blame of their separation was thrown on the supposed fickleness of Everard. Yet, as the irritation of temper subsided, and the wounds of pride healed, her heart had leisure to listen to that soft, sudden whisper of truth which steals upon us so often when we have forgotten duty and silenced conscience, and is surely none other than the voice of our guardian angel pleading with us. Ah! why did not the poor heart sooner listen to those tones? Once they were a psalm of life, warning against evil, urging to endeavor, encouraging hope—now they are but a dirge above the grave, and the dead arise not at the sound. The Present is the angel with whom we have to wrestle; and if we suffer it to depart from us ere we have wrung a blessing from it we must prepare to meet a stern and vengeful Future.

"When do you expect Mr. Thornton, Amy?" said Edith, conscious that she had been silent so long as to bring her friend's inquiring eyes upon her face.

Mrs. Dalton colored a little. "Next week, I believe," was her answer. Then turning to her husband, "Did I not tell you that Godfrey was coming next week?"

"No, indeed, you never told me a word about it. I wish I had known it. Not but what I am very happy to see Thornton at all times, but still one likes to be prepared for these things. I like to know whom I shall see and whom I shall not see when I come down stairs in the morning. It is a feeling of mine, Miss Kinnaird—very likely an absurd one, but I have my peculiarities. Most people have, I believe. Indeed, the only rule by which happiness can be attained in domestic life, is by a thorough observation of each other's peculiarities."

"How very happy most families must be!" said Mrs. Dalton, quietly.

"Eh?—ah!—what was that?" cried Mr. Dalton, with an uneasy effort at good humor, "have I said anything peculiarly ridiculous?"

"Oh! dear, no," returned his wife, and this time the double meaning entirely escaped him, though his manner presented a curious mixture of fear at his lady's talent for sarcasm, determination to hold his own opinion in spite of it, desire to assume an appearance of frank, good-natured indifference, and doubt whether he had at all succeeded in the attempt, with strong irritation at the bottom of all these feelings, and intense fussiness at the top.

"On what day do you expect Mr. Thornton? I suppose," with a deplorable struggle after jocoseness, "I may venture to inquire thus much."

"Really," said Mrs. Dalton, "Godfrey's coming is not like having a tooth drawn, that it should require such a vast array of fortitude to be got up to encounter it. He did not mention the day."

"So like his thoughtlessness," said Mr. Dalton, between his teeth.

"I am very sorry," returned his wife, with a somewhat unexpected outbreak of submissiveness, "that I asked him to come at all. I would not have done so had I thought it would have annoyed you."

"My dearest love, you know I am always happy to see your friends." (She rather shrank from the expression of affection.) "Pray do not let Miss Kinnaird suppose me such a tyrant. Let him come and go just whenever and however he pleases. I only asked for the common attention of being informed when he is coming or going. That is all. I don't think that is asking anything very unreasonable—especially as, after all, I am the person

to receive him and bid him welcome when he does come."

"Oh! don't mind that," said Mrs. Dalton, with an arch look at Edith, "Godfrey will not care in the least about—his reception."

"Complimentary, is it not?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton, his face flushing as he turned from his wife to Edith, and made another spasmodic effort at playfulness; "that fair lady wishes me to understand that it is quite immaterial to my guests whether I am glad to receive them or not."

He who has ever had the misfortune to be a bystander at a domestic squabble, carried on as if it were a joke for the benefit of the third party, and accompanied by frequent little appeals to him, which he must answer merrily, lest he should seem to think they are in earnest, and wisely, lest he should embitter the strife, will know how to pity Edith at this moment. She felt very much ashamed, laughed a little, and said nothing.

Mrs. Dalton fixed her eyes for a moment on her husband with a reproachful expression, and then handed him his teacup with the air of a martyr. There was a short pause, which was broken by Mr. Dalton's saying, like a man who had made up his mind to be perfectly good-humored and pleasant, "What are your plans for to-day, Amy, my love? We must show Miss Kinnaird a little of the country before Thornton comes down, after which I know there will be nothing but strolling, and sketching, and duet-singing from morning till night—nothing like a real expedition to see what is worth seeing in a regular manner. I assure you, Miss Kinnaird, we have a few things here worthy of your admiration."

Edith thanked him very politely, and Mrs. Dalton replied, "Oh! pray don't let us form any plans for the day. One never enjoys anything that is planned beforehand. I never like to prepare except for agreeable things, and then you may prepare as much as you please, but you are not ready to meet them after all."

"But if one does not make some kind of arrangement beforehand," said her husband, "one fritters away one's whole time without really achieving anything. Depend upon it, a map of the country is what we want—a map of the country is the principal thing a man ought to desire. I have found it so in my time. I remember telling Cranston the other day, when he was asking me how I contrived to get through what I do, that it was all done beforehand. 'I do it all,' said I, 'before I begin to do it.' He stared. 'Map out your day in the morning,' said I, 'as a man takes a map of the country through which he is going to travel, and the thing is done.' A homely illustration, Miss Kinnaird, but a very true one. A plain, practical man may sometimes convey more truth in a homely illustration than the greatest poet could in a poem of ten cantos—though that fair lady there will frown upon me if I presume to disparage poetry. I am not disparaging it; I can appreciate that in which I cannot excel. I am only saying that there are cases in which homely illustrations are better than poetry."

Edith felt that he was ridiculous; there was no escaping the fact, and she felt it keenly and painfully for her friend's sake. But when she glanced at that friend, and saw the expression of undisguised contempt in her beautiful eyes—saw that she was almost challenging her to a smile at the absurdity of the speaker, and that speaker her own husband,

Edith was shocked, and looked down with a sensation of shame.

"Well," said Amy, with a bright smile, as if she were proposing the most satisfactory arrangement possible, "you shall have Edith quite to yourself till Godfrey comes. I will withdraw my forces, and you shall get through all your regular expeditions this week, without any of my erratic schemes to disturb you."

"No, no," cried Mr. Dalton, who, though defective in temper, and not very wise, was both fond and proud of his wife, and never thought any party complete unless she were a member of it, "that will never do. I should be a poor substitute indeed for you. No, no; only say what you would like to do, and I will arrange that it shall be done."

Amy gave a weary sigh, which seemed to express that she had tried every possible means to satisfy him, without success, and then answered meekly, "Whatever you please."

"Nay, nay, it is not what I please, but what is pleasing to Miss Kinnaird and yourself. I am only your humble esquire for the day. I only want my orders. Pray let me settle some plan which shall give you pleasure. Shall we ride over to the new farm?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Mrs. Dalton, with renewed animation; "and then, while you are superintending your laborers, Edith and I will walk down to the mill, and sketch the old church. You will like that, Edith, won't you?"

"Very much," returned Edith, scarcely knowing to what she assented, but glad of any arrangement which brought the discussion to a close.

"I will give business the cut direct for once," said Mr. Dalton, "and read aloud to you while you sketch."

Amy turned so very blank a look upon Edith, that it was impossible for its meaning to escape even the obtuse perceptions of her husband. He had not the self-command to restrain, or the delicacy to conceal, his natural annoyance. He rose abruptly.

"On second thoughts," said he, "I will not interfere with any of your plans, but will ride over to Hillfield by myself, and leave you to follow when and how you please. I think that will be the best arrangement for all persons."

Edith took advantage of this movement to consider the breakfast party broken up; and murmuring something about letters for the post, escaped to her own room. The window was open, and the earth lay calm in the gorgeous robe of autumn and the glow of noon, like a queen asleep. Sunlight was woven into a soft network over the woods; it seemed as though you might put it aside with your hands in order to touch the foliage which was enveloped in it. The red berries of the mountain-ash burned like fire; and the leaves of the far beeches shone through the breezeless air with a steady light, like crystals of gold and amber. Not a sound was heard, not a movement perceptible; but it was the glittering silence of one of those strange dreams which opium brings to the fever-stricken, rather than the quiet of natural slumber. Edith leaned far out into the beautiful stillness, and a feeling of expectation, almost of anxiety, came upon her soul. There was a semblance of preparation on the landscape, as though invisible hands had been making it ready for a festival. Yet the signs of decay were everywhere present, and the faint scent of the crushed and dying leaves op-

pressed her like the murmurs of a wounded spirit. Was earth then left desolate like her own heart, and were the glories of autumn to preface forever the death of winter? Was the same dreary allegory to be forever enacted by the seasons, and budding hopes, transient blisses, and bright memories, forever to pass into the chill of disappointment and the darkness of mortality? This lying-in state of the crowned corpse of nature, ere the snow-shroud should enwrap her for her funeral, seemed grievous and strange to Edith. "Will it be always thus?" thought she, "or will the king appear at length when the festival is made ready, and bid it last forever? If the hands of angels foster these natural beauties, painting the flowers and clouds, and spreading the sunlight on the hill-slopes tenderly, as if stroking the hair of a beloved child, how sorrowfully must they give their darlings into their yearly grave—how cheerless must be the lovely toils of spring when constant experience has taught them to look ever for the destruction of winter!" And a sudden gust shook the stem of a birch-tree which grew beneath her window, and robbed it of its last scanty covering; the severed leaves passed through the air with a sound like a low sigh, and the dismantled branches shivered as though in fear. The tree stood bare in the broad daylight, but its form was still beautiful and graceful. Will it be so with the soul when the shadows that soften it are gone, and the garments that enrobe it are rent away!

Edith leaned her cheek upon her hand. "There is peace here at least," she thought; "and though yesterday I was ready to chide nature because she does not sympathize with man, to-day I could love her for that very reason. What should we do without a refuge from these petty strifes and unworthy troubles? Here before the quiet eyes of earth, her children are ashamed of grief—how much more of irritation and bitterness! Why were we born with hearts which a wasp can sting or a thistle pierce? How have we the leisure to lament about little things, or to be angry at trifles? If great sorrow does no more, it at least does this; it lifts us above the details of life, and makes them dwindle in the distance till we actually forget them, because we do not see them. Well is it for those who can return into the midst of them with the temper engendered by this forced separation; well for her who can pass through the city tumult with so much as this of the nun-spirit in her heart!"

The voice of Amy calling her from the lawn interrupted this reverie, and Edith obeyed the summons in a kind of wonder at herself. She was beginning to be conscious of a change within her, though she could not define it. She knew that she was miserable; she was beginning to think that she might have been faulty, and this made her more miserable still, as she strove to repel the thought. But the sight of this loveless home, and the visible fruits of a system of self-pleasing, however innocent and lofty may be the tastes which are to be gratified, without self-discipline, weighed upon her spirits, and disturbed her faith in her former opinions. Then came the unanswerable question, why did these two persons marry? Unsited in everything, they seemed to be living together without the mystery of love to render forbearance easy, or the enforcement of duty to make them practise it when difficult. But since they were married, Edith, spoilt child as she was, could not wholly justify her friend, though she tried hard to do so. She told herself that Amy was good-humored, while her

husband was irritable and impatient, but her conscience told her all the while that Amy's penetrative wit and delicate tact must have made her fully aware, that in every seemingly innocent speech she was tendering a provocation to his peculiar temper. Was this practising that system of adapting herself to her lot in life which she had so lately enunciated and in which Edith so firmly believed? Yet where lay the fault? Edith would not condemn her friend if she could help it; so she fixed her eyes steadily on the undeniable fact that Mr. Dalton was a bore, and then tried to satisfy her sense of right, by saying to herself that no woman of Amy's genius and refinement could be expected to tolerate such a companion, and that, under the circumstances, she behaved wonderfully well.

"Let us walk together," were Amy's first words; "Mr. Dalton has gone to Hillfield, and we shall have the whole morning to ourselves."

Edith wondered how this had been settled, but did not like to ask. Amy turned her speaking eyes upon her, and, after a pause, added, with a slight laugh, "You must not judge by what you see at first, Edith. Mr. Dalton has a very kind heart, but he has a nervous constitution, and an unfortunately irritable temper. These little scenes often happen; but, on the whole, we jog on very comfortably together."

Edith literally could not answer her. This was her ideal of female perfection speaking of her husband! When she remembered the husband, she could scarcely wonder at the tone; but *why* did they marry? She settled, in a parenthesis, that it must have been compulsory, and, leaving quite out of view the improbability of the supposition, suffered herself to give her entire compassion to the victimized wife. They walked together through the park, enjoying quietly the solemn beauty of an autumnal noon. The silence of a *tête-à-tête* is sometimes the most eloquent of all conversations. To those who have suffered from the inexorable rule of common society—who know the compulsory effort to talk, or the grievous burden of listening—how delicious is that freedom of intercourse in which the soul is suffered to pause in the abundance of its thoughts, and need speak only when the thoughts overflow! Such converse is as unlike the small talk by which those shallow familiarities sometimes called friendships are cemented, as the gush of the mountain brook, now leaping over its rocky bed, now reposing in some sweet natural pool, is unlike the regulated outbreaks and trim impetuosity of the water-works at Versailles.

A boy of about eighteen years old, in a groom's undress livery, met them, and, taking off his cap, smilingly presented Mrs. Dalton with a piece of moss. "It is the very species I wanted!" cried she, examining it with childish pleasure. "How glad I am! Where could Paul have found it?" She smiled, and nodded the warmest approbation, and, holding up the moss before the boy's eyes, seemed to inquire where he had found it. He pointed over the hill without speaking, and made gestures. Edith for the first time perceived that he was dumb. He held up both hands twice in succession, to imply that he had been to a distance of twenty miles to seek for the moss. Mrs. Dalton again thanked him by signs, and directed him to carry it to the house, and to get some refreshment there; and with a bright look and a deep inclination he darted away.

"Poor Paul!" said his mistress; "he is the most grateful creature in the world. Mr. Dalton

took notice of him when he was about five years old, and has provided for him ever since; he was first educated at a deaf and dumb school, and afterwards brought here, where Mr. Dalton has himself taught him to perform the duties of groom. Everybody said it was foolish and hopeless; but Mr. Dalton said the lad was intelligent, and he was determined to try what could be made of him. So the master was indefatigably patient, and the pupil indefatigably docile, and now he is a most useful servant. Indeed, he has a strange gift for attaching animals; and Emir, my husband's favorite Arab, will scarcely let any one else touch him."

"What a strange life it must be," said Edith, "to live without language, which seems the natural weapon of the soul, and music, its natural food! How very strongly and clearly love must burn in an air so unnaturally purified!"

"It does so," replied Amy; "he loves like a woman—with his whole nature. Did you notice that he wore a knot of autumn flowers in his button-hole! He once told his master, in his quaint broken phrase, such as he learned for the conveyance of his thoughts, that 'flower scents were his music.'"

"Amy," said Edith, pursuing the train of thought that to-day seemed to have arisen within her, "do you not think that the world of spirits may be to us what the world of sounds is to him!—very near—actually present with us, only needing a change in ourselves to make us conscious of it?"

A singular emotion was visible in Amy's face, like the rekindling of a quenched memory, and she made no answer.

"How sweet and how fearful," continued Edith, "would be the visible presence of an angel! Could we ever do wrong then? could we even be unhappy? Oh, Amy," she added suddenly, her voice faltering, "if human love only did not fail, would it not do all this for us, and more! Should we not be always strong, always happy?"

Amy passed her arm round her waist: "But human love *does* fail," said she, "and we must learn to live without it. Do not talk of it any more, Edith; some day you shall tell me all, if you will. But you have reminded me of a time—many years ago—a time when these thoughts, or thoughts like them, were first put into my mind. I was very different then. I was a very foolish, happy child; I believed just what I was taught, because it was taught me; and I had a friend then, who loved me, and whose love *failed*—do you understand!—or mine failed him; it is all the same." She spoke very hurriedly, and broke off with a forced sudden laugh, painful to hear. Soon afterwards she began to talk on indifferent subjects, and Edith followed her lead as best she could.

Strange seemed it to Edith that the evening which closed this day should pass as it did. Mr. Dalton volunteered to read aloud Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," which he delivered with a pompous trepidation very fatal to the flow of the metre, to say nothing of the sentiment. You might have kept time to his declamation with a metronome, and counted his accents by beat of drum. Five notes had he in his natural voice, and on these five he swung to and fro with a ruthless precision—now up, now down, as their turn came, regardless of the words which were crushed by his bass or tortured by his treble. Edith endured in silence; Mrs. Dalton interrupted him every two minutes, to question the accentuation of a line. This she did

with perfect amiability of manner, and complete disregard of his visible annoyance, for it was clearly a sore subject. His deportment grew more and more sullen, and the last few couplets were delivered with an uneasy and uniform growl. When he closed the book, he began to defend his method of reading, and a bland, but harrowing, contest ensued, which lasted with a few intervals till they retired to bed. Edith tried to take interest in it, and to give her opinion when called for with due impartiality; but the graceful contempt of the lady annoyed her even more than the querulous discomfiture of the gentleman; and it was with a feeling of utter dismay, which would perhaps have been livelier had she been less unhappy, that she looked forward to the month which she had promised to spend at Beechwood Park.

CHAPTER III.

Edith could not sleep, and with the first break of morning she rose, dressed herself, and went out into the park to cool her fevered cheeks and aching forehead in the pure dewy air. She was scarcely to be pitied for her wakefulness. "No greater grief," says the poet, "than to remember the happy time when we are miserable."—But there is a grief yet greater; it is to dream of the happy time and awake to find it gone forever. If dreams did not renew the past, and resuscitate the dead, they might perhaps avail to refresh the soul as they do the body; but all who have endured the awakening from such dreams shrink from inhaling their poisonous sweetness again. They are the mirage in the desert of life, making its dryness intolerable to the fainting pilgrim.

Edith walked listlessly over the green-sward, scarcely heeding whither she went, but feeling a kind of satisfaction in the idea that she was the only person astir in those tranquil solitudes. She was full of bitterness, and ready to fall into that which has been called the most immoral of all infidelities—a distrust of human nature. The mist clung around her as coldly and closely as a painful remembrance, and the low wail of the wind seemed like the voice of the future warning her to turn away from it if she could. The only sign of promise in her heart was that its bitterness was as strong against itself as against others. The past years lay before her like corpses, pale, withered, lifeless, and her conscience shrank from inscribing an epitaph upon their tombs; the coming years crowded to meet her, like hungry children, and bade her give them food lest they perish like their brethren. "Alas! what shall I do?" said she within herself; "I feel that I have lived to no purpose; a cold hand has brushed the bloom of childhood away, and grayness has fallen upon my heart. Is it my fault! How could I have done otherwise! Why do my thoughts look back and find no resting-place! Is there no power by which the moments can be bound over to minister to future comfort! But, what shall I do? I have lived only to myself, and now that I would fain do better, I have no one to live for. Well did Amy say that all love fails." She had reached a small side gate that opened into a lane beyond the grounds, and pausing, as is so natural when full of thought, at the first trivial obstacle which presented itself, she leaned on the low boundary wall, and covered her face with her hands. A footstep close at her side startled her; she looked up and saw the poor dumb lad whose story had so much interested her on the previous evening. With a deep reverence and eager smile

he held the gate open for her and pointed along the lane, and Edith, not to seem ungracious, signified her thanks as best she could, and followed the direction of his finger; she was a little surprised to find that he, too, left the grounds, and continued to walk at a few yards distance behind her.

They advanced along a winding lane partly embowered by trees; the hedges were covered by showers of the graceful clematis, and the banks feathery with various kinds of fern. No sound broke the silence of morning but the note of a church-bell, swinging upon the air with a measured and still cadence that seemed the very breath of consolation. There are certain dispositions of sounds and accents which possess a mysterious power of subduing and soothing the feelings, by a sudden but gentle process quite as inexplicable to him who is the subject of it as to anybody else. It is as though a voice said unto the raging sea, "Peace, be still!" and the mandate were instantly obeyed. Indeed, the whole of our relation to sounds and tones does, perhaps, more than any other of the phenomena of our existence make us feel that the prison of the body is shutting us from the spiritual world, but that we are, nevertheless, in the midst of it. The feelings on which they depend are so intensely vivid, yet so absolutely indefinable; they seem to affect the soul through the body, yet does their passage so spiritualize the body, that one could almost believe them to reach it through the soul; their vehicle is furnished by a science so minute and elaborate; their essence is so impalpable and incommunicable; the profoundest silence seems but their temporary sleep, for we know that they live forever; the grandest harmony seems but their crude and imperfect embodiment, for it ceases, and dies, and ever suggests something beyond itself, so that they may be said to forebode, if they do not represent, a nature above the human; to be the beginning of a faculty which requires eternity for its development.

Some such thoughts as these were present to Edith's mind, though scarcely perhaps in so definite a shape, as she listened to the low pulsations of sound, soft and regular as those of a devout and subdued heart, and her eyes glanced from time to time upon her speechless companion. A turn of the lane brought them unexpectedly in view of the church whence the gentle summons was issuing. It was a small and ancient building, with many traces of original beauty visible through long neglect and grievous defacement, and with not a few signs of present care—not a few symptoms of the beginning of restoration. Even in its worst days, the tapering spire had ever pierced the blue skies, the low-browed doorway had ever symbolized the mode of access to that upward path; and now it was evident that loving hands had been busy in guarding the foundations from damp, and the walls from decay—in repairing what had been broken, and replacing what had been lost. The door stood open, and Edith saw that her attendant was pausing for her to enter, in order that he might follow her; she obeyed the silent invitation, went in, and yielding to the vague impulse of self-condemnation just awakened within her, knelt down in the place nearest the door, and, bowing her forehead upon her hands, joined in the service with the feelings of a penitent. The deaf mute was not far from her, and she could not help being struck by the reverence and apparent devotion with which he followed the movements of the congregation, and by the expression of his upturned face, almost childish in

its serene simplicity. When she rose, and looked round upon the small band of worshippers, a strange sensation came over her, as though she had made a discovery of something unknown before. Like all persons of keen sensibility, she had been ever aware of an inner, unseen life of feeling and thought carried on apart from, and unsuspected by, the life of the world; now she seemed to be obtaining a glimpse of a life of acts and habits, as separate, as secret, as continual. With a kind of awe she looked upon the faces of those who passed her on their way out, and her heart said to her, "What must the day be when the dawn is thus consecrated?" Alas, for the deep significance of the question! Alas, that it could only be suggested by the newness of wonder! Alas, for the answer which it must too often and too surely find!

But a feeling of timidity roused her from her involuntary musings; by twos and threes, those strangers to whose closest and most hidden thoughts she had just been associating herself by the bond of mutual confession, prayer, and thanksgiving, were separating and moving away. There seemed a presence in the holy place which she dared not encounter alone, and she turned to quit it.

As she crossed the churchyard, she was startled by the sound of her own name pronounced in a low, hesitating voice; she looked round and beheld Alice Brown, who seemed shrinking at her own audacity in having ventured to address her. Edith returned the greeting most cordially, and, actuated by a sudden and very earnest desire to increase their acquaintance with each other, joined her in her walk towards the town of Beechwood, and expressed her wish with the freedom natural to one who was accustomed to find her attentions welcomed as favors.

"I am so glad to see you again," said she; "may I walk home with you?"

"Will you come to breakfast?" returned Alice, with bashful earnestness. "I was almost afraid to ask, but I should so like to introduce you to mamma."

Edith readily acquiesced; she looked round for Paul, charged him with a pencil note to Mrs. Dalton, explaining her absence, and, smilingly returning his bow, passed her arm through that of Alice, and walked away with a sensation more nearly approaching to pleasure than any which she had for some time experienced.

"Do you know that poor boy?" said she, beginning the conversation, as we always do when we feel deeply, with a subject of which she was not thinking; "does he often come here? I wonder whether he at all understands why he comes."

"I scarcely think his understanding it signifies," returned Alice; "his imperfect worship is probably far purer than ours. He has been a daily attendant here for more than a year; and I can fancy that I read in his face the history of the silent change that has gradually been wrought within him during that time."

"Has there been a change, then?" asked Edith.

"Oh, yes," was the reply; "he used to be very passionate and subject to fits of gloom and seeming jealousy, for his affections were always most tender. These paroxysms were scarcely noticeable in him as a child, but they increased to a great degree after his education was begun."

"That seems strange."

"Do you know I think it is quite natural; for, you see, at first he must have lived in a kind of unconscious state, very difficult to imagine; less

advanced even than childhood—a perpetual infancy both of heart and mind. And then they awakened his reason and his devotional feelings, but these must have acted strangely and separately from each other. For no quiet habitual exercise was provided for such beginnings of religious perception as he was capable of experiencing—no actual daily obedience demanded; he was still cut off from all union with others; he was made to understand dimly that he was responsible, and yet he did not find himself living under a law.”

“Oh, pray go on,” cried Edith, as her companion stopped, apparently somewhat ashamed of speaking at so much length, “I do not quite understand. Surely, the moment he was taught to know right from wrong he found himself living under a law.”

“Yes,” returned Alice; “but there always seems to me to be such a difference between a law of that kind which you are taught in theory and which comes into action when temptation assails us, and one which forestalls temptation, and pre-occupies the ground by prescribing a round of duties and suggesting a course of thought. Only just think! If we could but keep an angel within the heart, it seems to me that evil spirits would flee away faster and further than if we had only barred the door against them.”

“Like filling every corner of ground with flowers, so as to have no room for weeds,” said Edith. “Ah, if we could only do so! But suppose the weeds have grown up without our heeding them?”

“Then I think there is nothing for us but hard work,” answered Alice. “We cannot have a virgin soil twice in our lives, can we?”

“No, no,” said Edith bitterly, “and therefore it is useless to try. There are not two mornings to one day, nor two childhoods, nor two spring-times! ‘Once gone, forever gone,’ is the inscription written on each hour of life.”

Her companion looked at her wonderingly, and presently said, blushing very deeply, “I know that is all very true, but still is it not a little severe to say that it is useless to try? I often think that charity must be the most difficult of all duties to those who are not weak, foolish, and faulty as I am; to those whose strength has never, or very seldom, failed them. When one is very, very often wrong, and yet not without hope, one learns to feel that there is no one who may not hope too.”

“Oh! my dear Alice!” exclaimed Edith, grasping her hand, “you did not understand me! If I exclude *anybody*, I exclude—but never mind what I really meant. Only remember, that I did *not* mean what you thought I did. And now let us go on with poor Paul’s history. He, it seems, had all this hard work of which you were speaking, for he had to conquer a violent and sullen temper.”

“It seemed to be rather displaced than conquered,” answered Alice; “you know the case of a creature so unfortunate, would be no rule for others. I cannot suppose there was much actual guilt in his outbreaks of passion. However, they are over now, and he seems quite happy. I think his chief comfort was, that he began to feel, perhaps unconsciously, that there was one sense in which he was not the isolated, solitary creature he had always seemed to be. *Here*,” and she looked upward to the white spire still visible above the trees, “he felt that he was a member of a body—that he was one with those among whom he worshipped. And I have sometimes almost thought,” she added, dropping her voice, and hesitating a little, “that he may see the angels worshipping with

us—his upward look is so bright and steadfast. You know it is not impossible that God may open his eyes to see them as a compensation for the privation of his other senses.”

Edith felt almost awe-struck at the simple expression of an habitual *faith* in that which to her had been the conjecture of a moment of highly-wrought *feeling*. After an instant’s pause, Alice continued:—“And now it is beautiful to see how his whole life seems to be made up of love. Gradually he has made acquaintance with all those whom he is in the habit of meeting here, and there is not one to whom he has not endeared himself—not one in whose prayers he has not a special remembrance. He often waits for me in the porch with a nosegay of flowers from his own little garden at Beechwood Park. But his chief intimacy is with three little children who live in a cottage about half a mile off, and come to this church every morning. He takes such care of them; in wet weather he always brings an umbrella and takes them home himself, sheltering them so anxiously; and he stops them in the doorway, as they come in, to see whether their feet are wet, and wraps them up so tenderly when they go out; and they play with him and caress him, as I have seen a kitten play with a great Newfoundland dog, making him understand everything they want to express by their gestures and coaxing looks.”

Edith had fallen into thought, so that she scarcely listened to this little history of poor Paul and his friends. Suddenly rousing herself, she said with some abruptness, “And now tell me about yourself, Miss Brown—Alice, if I may call you so. I want to know how you are going on.”

The face of Alice was instantly covered with the deepest crimson. Averting it, she answered hurriedly, but very gently, “Thank you, dear Miss Kinnaird—I quite understand what you mean. I am wiser now, I hope, than I was when I last saw you, and you were so kind to me. Oh! how kind you were! I have often thought of it, and wanted to thank you; at every moment of this conversation I have been wishing to tell you how grateful I am—but—you see—it is a subject of which I am ashamed, as I have reason to be, and so I did not like to begin it.”

“Pray, pray, do not thank me,” said Edith; “you have as little reason to thank me as to blame yourself. I was very heedless—I am afraid I have given you pain.”

“No, indeed,” replied Alice, again turning her face to her companion, and speaking with animation. Tears were in her eyes and on her cheeks, but the emotion was perfectly quiet, and only a slight quivering was discernible in her voice. “I am very glad that you spared me the effort of speaking first. Thank you for feeling an interest about me. I have several pupils to whom I teach music, work, and—drawing—only the beginning, you know. I have not a day unoccupied, and I earn quite enough for mamma and myself to live upon very comfortably. Is it not delightful that I am able to do so? I ought to be quite happy.”

“Quite happy!” thought Edith; “and this is how the destruction of the hope of a life *may* be borne! Felt, too, so keenly at the time—so keenly, even now,” she added, as she met her friend’s tearful smile, “and in the midst of poverty and wearisome labor!”

“Alice!” she cried, yielding to an irresistible impulse, “I wish from my heart I were you!”

Alice looked at her with undisguised astonish-

ment. "I am sure I should be well contented with the change," said she, playfully. Then, with the delicate tact which nothing but keen sympathy can give, perceiving that some new and deep sorrow lay at the bottom of so strange a wish, and divining from Edith's sudden embarrassment that it was one which could not be uttered, she began to speak of other things, to describe her manner of life, to tell of the various shades of character and talent among her young pupils, seeking to win Edith's interest for things so simple and so personally connected with herself, that it seemed like pleading for such a further advance of friendship, as might, ere long, entitle her to confidence.

How common a mistake it is for those who feel keenly and are anxious not to betray their feelings, to suppose that the silence, or the unwary word, or the change of subject, or the indifference of tone in him who listens, proves that the secret is still unguessed! How often are all these only the shyness of sincere love which waits for leave ere it will tell how much it knows! How often are they the result of a sympathy so profound and so perfect that it forebodes what it does not know, but with the modesty of true friendship, shrinks from assuming more than the will of the friend has accorded—shrinks even from seeming to suggest or to desire what that will has not spontaneously originated! Thus may the very delicacy of affection pass for coldness—but it is a coldness, which, like that of the polar regions, burns like fire if you grasp it unawares. Strange is it, brother mortals, that our hearts are not suffered to touch each other, so as to reveal the undiscovered harmonies which sleep among their chords! Oh! thou who despairest of life and man, who hast found no sympathy or comfort among thy fellows, and hast taken desolate self-dependence and cold distrustfulness for thy bosom companions, put away from thee this natural bitterness, and think within thyself of that fair morning in Paradise, when many spirits shall gather round thee and say, "I wept for thee—and I remembered thee in my prayers—and I watched thee, and grieved for thee, and knew what thou hadst to suffer—and thou knewest it not!" If the open treasuries and chilly repulses which we encounter at the hands of our brethren must needs be remembered, let not the unknown sympathies be quite forgotten!

They were now entering the town of Beechwood, and a very few minutes more brought them to Alice's humble dwelling. With eager, but somewhat timid hospitality, she conducted Edith up stairs, assisted her in removing her bonnet and shawl, and, having quickly completed her own simple toilette, ushered her into the one small sitting-room, where Mrs. Brown was awaiting them at the breakfast-table. Alice's mother was very unlike the person that Edith had expected to see. Her countenance and manners were full of subdued vivacity; and the former was still so exceedingly lovely, though more than sixty years had passed over it, that it contrasted strangely with her daughter's, which, as we have before said, was wholly without attraction, except from expression. She had that peculiarity sometimes to be observed in persons who have suffered many sorrows, but whose temperament is naturally buoyant. Her face in repose, or in its ordinary expression, was bright and cheerful; but her smile was melancholy itself. There was in it a flash of exceeding joyousness, so tremulous and so transient, that you involuntarily expected it to end in tears. She welcomed Edith

very kindly, and the momentary annoyance which she evidently felt at having no better entertainment to offer her, passed away almost before it could be perceived, in her gratification at her daughter's pleasure, whose pleasures were so few.

"You must put off your pupils for one hour to-day, Alice, darling," said she.

"Oh no, mamma," was the answer; "Miss Kinnaird will, I am sure, excuse me for going as soon as we have breakfasted. It would be a great indulgence to stay," she added, turning to Edith, "but I must not break an appointment, must I?"

"Don't ask me," said Edith, "if you want to be confirmed in doing an unpleasant duty; I have a very expansive conscience in such matters, and I shall certainly advise you to stay."

"But your head ached yesterday," interposed Mrs. Brown, looking at her daughter with that indescribable expression of anxiety which indicates a habit, not a mood; "and, indeed, you are looking tired. Do stay, Alice—to oblige me, my love."

"Well, mamma," returned Alice, kissing her, "if you make a personal favor of it, I suppose I must; but I do assure you I am perfectly well; and you know I must be in a strange state of health, indeed, if an hour more or less could make a difference to me."

Mrs. Brown suppressed a sigh as she turned to the breakfast-table, and began to converse with her guest; and Edith's heart felt oppressed by the ideas which this little scene had awakened. Alice did, indeed, look sickly, though not absolutely ill; and she pictured to herself the daily sufferings of the mother who was obliged to see her child daily taxed to the utmost of her strength, perhaps a little beyond it; and whom the despot poverty actually prevented from doing anything to retard the gradual sacrifice.

But Alice seemed to feel that her mother's eyes rested wistfully upon her from time to time, and she answered their silent inquiry by assuming a degree of liveliness unlike her usually shy manner. She talked and laughed, ran from one subject to another, and contrived to lull all suspicion by her unwonted gayety. Edith was struck by the unusual simplicity of character apparent in all she said; her talk was as unlike the ordinary rattle of a girl of nineteen as it was possible to conceive. And this not because it was more intellectual, for there was no appearance of talent about her, but rather because it was more childish. Flowers, of which even in that small room, and at that unfavorable season, she had a goodly show, and books, were her principal topics; the former she exhibited to Edith with unfeigned delight, expatiating on the past beauty of those which were now withering with as much enthusiasm as could have been demonstrated by the faded belles themselves, had nature gifted them with tongues; the latter she discussed with at least equal animation, speaking of all the imaginary characters in poem or tale exactly as if they had really lived, and she had known them personally. Edith took pains to discover her tastes, and could scarcely help smiling at the eager sparkle of happiness which came into her face when, in Mrs. Dalton's name, she offered her access to the library at Beechwood. The hours slipped rapidly away, and when Edith, having parted from her new friend with many promises of visiting her again, walked slowly homewards, her thoughts were so fully and so deeply occupied, that she could scarcely shake off her abstraction sufficiently to escape comment from her host and hostess. No

bitter words, no gloomy sentiments, broke from her lips that day; she could not have uttered such without enduring the keenest self-condemnation. What then? Was life brighter to her than it had been? Not so; the darkness, rather, was more visible, and she had gone further into it. But she was beginning to suspect that there might be a reason for the darkness, and to hope that there might be a light beyond.

CHAPTER IV.

Edith's dejection rather increased than diminished, notwithstanding the light which had begun faintly to dawn upon her, and which continued, though slowly and interruptedly, to deepen. For this light, the more intensely it shone, showed her more and more of herself; and the contemplation was not cheering. With all the energy of her character, as soon as she admitted a new ideal, she turned in contempt and disgust from her former life, scorning its aimlessness, hating its self-worship. But how to do better?—that was the difficulty. At the thought of all that she had lost, a gush of tenderness, an agony of self-reproach, overcame her, causing utter prostration both of soul and body. For, as the truth became visible to her, and the false supports on which she had hitherto leaned glided from beneath her, the heart returned to its natural habit of love and trustfulness, weak anger crumbled away and was forgotten, and the only manner of atoning for the sin of past disbelief seemed to be a renewal of confidence in more than its original fullness. But her own act had separated them forever; and this she had to bear. This was her bitter punishment—that where she would gladly have knelt in the dust to sue for pardon, she must not even testify repentance. With the strong reaction of a naturally noble heart, awakened to a consciousness of error, she looked upon herself only as guilty, upon Everard only as wronged. Self-dependence had quite abandoned her; she longed for some one to comfort her; she felt completely desolate. She could not open her griefs to Amy, for, sure as she was of finding sympathy, she could not even seek it where she knew that it would not be accompanied by an implied condemnation of herself, a full exculpation of Everard. According to Amy's views, she had done no wrong, and her pride would be summoned to resent a groundless jealousy and an unjustifiable desertion. But all this she felt to be false and hollow—felt it with a strength of conviction which argument could never have imparted—and she shrank almost with terror from the possibility of being again deceived by it. In this extremity the idea of Aunt Peggy constantly recurred to her, till her thoughts grew to fasten upon it with that feverish earnestness so characteristic of an uncured sorrow, which is perpetually presenting to itself some trifling change, some minute and apparently insignificant circumstance, as *the one thing* which must needs happen ere it can hope to recover peace. Perhaps, when the supposed good is actually attained, it only increases the desolation, for one hope more fails to the sufferer, and so he seems to be one step nearer to despair. Edith anticipated no such failure; Aunt Peggy seemed to her, for the time, the absolute embodiment of all comfort and sympathy; with Aunt Peggy, too, she should have leisure to be good, and help in learning to live by a new principle; and, with the invincible repugnance which a young, energetic nature ever feels to submit to the afflictions which have crushed it, and so to speak, to be reconciled to its own mis-

ery, she repeated to herself a thousand times, that, "if only she could grow to be self-denying and religious, she *knew* she should be happy." If ONLY! a proviso of enormous significance. But of this she thought not. The same enthusiasm, which, three years before, had caused her to fix her eyes on the future day of reunion, overlooking the long intervening separation, came to her aid now, when that day of reunion had indeed come, and passed, and left her desolate; but it came to her in a saddened and purified form, full of self-distrust and self-reproach, and, therefore, less likely to encounter disappointment. It feared more, and so it had reason to hope more. Alas! that the needful discipline which brought this fear should have so dimmed the brightness of her soul! There is unspeakable pathos in the first great grief. When the sky is already streaked with clouds, a gathering and deepening of those clouds may be felt to enhance, while it alters, the beauty; but if it be stainless blue, the tiniest speck seems a defacement. There is an instinctive love of purity in man, whether it present itself to him in the shape of childhood's innocence or of childhood's happiness; in either case, he so shrinks from the thought of its first deterioration, as, in some moods, to deem death preferable to it. Oh! why does love so lean upon the visible? When will it realize as a feeling that which it receives as a creed, and be content to give up its treasures rather than to witness their gradual pollution, even though that pollution end in such restoration and development as is possible to human nature! Who is there that loves, and would believe for a moment that such a giving up implies a separation? Well, indeed, may human love be called a mystery, though scarcely in the sense in which it is ordinarily so called. Its devotion and self-abnegation are easy enough to comprehend; they are its very nature and essence, and without them it would not be love at all. But its selfishness, and earthliness, and faithlessness—these are the inconceivable mysteries, these are the marvels and the difficulties. Yet, perhaps, we feel their strangeness only in proportion as we are susceptible of their force; and, perhaps, they too are necessary parts of love, even in its final purification. That yearning for the visible presence of the object beloved, which in one aspect may in some sort deserve the reproachful epithets just applied to it, yet which those who most strongly condemn it do also most keenly feel, is, in another aspect, the very source and element of all spiritual elevation. "My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee, in a barren and dry land, where no water is."

Edith wrote to Aunt Peggy. She did not tell Amy that she had written, for she anticipated an affectionate opposition to her wishes, very hard to withstand, and she waited to receive an answer before encountering it. This was her letter:—

"My dear Aunt Peggy,

"I have been very wrong, and am now very unhappy, and I want comfort; may I come to you? You see what I think of you by my asking this so boldly; but I know how you love me, and I love you, and long to be with you. I want to spend the winter with you quietly. I want that you should not make the slightest change in your way of living, but that I should come to your home just as it is, and be with you. I will tell you everything; I am not afraid of telling you my faults. I am very

unhappy here, though I am with one of the kindest of friends; and I feel that I am ungrateful, but I cannot help it. I want freedom, and peace, and quiet, and to learn how to live usefully: in short, I want to be with *you*. You know when we parted you told me to write to you at any moment, and that you would always be ready to receive me; yet, now that I am taking you at your word, I am afraid lest it should be presuming or selfish to do so. Do not scruple to refuse me, if it is in any way inconvenient to you. Pray answer this note as soon as you can, and do not make any comments on what I have told you, till I have time to tell you all. Do not condemn any one but me; me you must needs condemn, yet I know how gently it will be. Good-bye, dear Aunt Peggy. Believe me always your most affectionate

EDITH KINNAIRD.

"Forgive me if I have asked what I ought not to ask, and do not scruple to say No."

When this letter was fairly despatched, she felt a momentary relief, succeeded, however, by a state of great impatience. So anxious was she for the arrival of the answer, that she could scarcely control herself so as to conceal from Mrs. Dalton that she had some more than ordinary cause of mental disturbance. It was the day on which Mr. Thornton was expected—(he had deferred his visit a little, and written, out of consideration for his host, to specify times and seasons rather more definitely than was his wont)—and Edith felt almost incapable of encountering him. To philosophize or to flirt with him, as she used to do, was, of course, out of the question; and she dreaded his observing the change in her, and attempting to discover the reason of it. Besides, his idea was interwoven with so many miserable recollections, that she could not think of meeting him once more without the acutest pain. What would she not have given to be already in her quiet retreat with Aunt Peggy!

After wandering restlessly about during the greater part of the morning, alternating between total indifference and morbid sensibility to all outward circumstances, she took down a book which she had offered to lend Alice Brown, and set off for a solitary walk to Beechwood. Mrs. Dalton promised to follow her in about an hour, and renew her acquaintance with Edith's humble friend, which she had for some time intended to do. When Edith arrived, she found Mrs. Brown alone, Alice being absent with one of her pupils. She almost forgot her own griefs for the time, in sympathy for the quiet anxiety and unobtrusive sorrow of the mother, who was evidently most uneasy about her daughter's health. She moved to the window, and busying herself in the arrangement of Alice's flowers, was revolving in her mind the possibility of conveying to Mrs. Brown, in such a manner as not to wound her delicacy, a present which might enable her to enjoy an interval of relaxation and change of scene, when she perceived the gentle object of all this care coming up the street, accompanied by two gentlemen. One of them, to her surprise, was Mr. Thornton, the other a total stranger. In another moment Alice entered the room, introducing her companions somewhat bashfully—

"Mr. Verner, mamma, and Mr. Thornton. O, my dear Miss Kinnaird"—perceiving Edith, and responding warmly to her greeting—"how glad I am to see you!"

"I little thought to see so old a friend to-day," said Mr. Verner, as he shook hands with Mrs.

Brown; "I found you out quite by accident. I have not been in England above a week, and am on my road to Devonshire."

"Yes," cried Mr. Thornton, "it was a most curious coincidence. Verner and I were on the same coach; I recognized him directly, though he had quite forgotten me, for it is more than ten years since we met. I happened casually to mention your name, and it turned out that you were the very person he was most anxious to see. So we sallied forth to find you out, if possible, and had the good luck to meet Miss Brown before we had been five minutes walking."

"Mr. Thornton is so very kind, mamma," interposed Alice, "as to bring me an order to execute some botanical drawings for a work that is just coming out. The order is given on his recommendation. I am sure I don't know how to thank him."

"Pray say no more about it," returned Thornton; "you have already thanked me a great deal more than enough."

During the civilities which followed this speech, and the rapid interchange of question and answer among friends who had been so long separated, Edith had leisure to survey the new comer, the mention of whose name in a conversation at Selcombe Park she perfectly remembered. He was of middle age, of slight and insignificant figure, but gentlemanly in deportment, and refined in manner. His face was very striking, both as to feature and countenance; the character spiritual rather than intellectual, but this arose from the predominance of the former expression, and not from any deficiency in the latter. The brow was wide and fully developed, the eyes deep-set, finely cut, calm and contemplative, in color a purplish gray; the nose small, but strictly aquiline in form, with that slight expansiveness of nostril which indicates natural energy, the lips delicately shaped, and firmly closed; when at rest, a little sarcastic, but, speaking or smiling, full of benignity. Edith felt certain, from a single look, that he was not the Verner who had ruined himself by extravagance, and afterwards married for money. His voice and manner were full of repose—of that true repose which seems rather an achievement than a gift; which implies both discipline and enthusiasm, if not passion; which is a perfected self-command, and not an easy self-indulgence.

From the conversation, it appeared that he had known Mrs. Brown intimately in former days, but, during a long absence from England, had quite lost sight of her. He was now returned, in consequence of ill-health, and, having been appointed to a small living in Devonshire, was going to take possession of his new home; he casually mentioned its name, and Edith felt a strange sensation of pleasure when she found that it was close to Aunt Peggy's present abode, which, indeed, was within the parish. She felt very desirous to know more of him, and then wondered at herself for the childishness of the feeling;—a wish, however trifling, seemed a strange thing to her in her present state of sorrowful apathy.

"I shall have the pleasure of walking back to Beechwood Park with you, shall I not?" inquired Mr. Thornton, addressing Edith.

"I am expecting Mrs. Dalton to call for me," was her answer.

Mr. Verner turned suddenly towards her, as it about to speak, but checked himself. Edith summoned courage to address him. "You were speak

ing of Enmore," said she, "do you know a family named Forde resident there?"

"I knew them well many years ago," he replied; "the eldest daughter was my great friend, and I look forward to renewing my acquaintance with her with no little pleasure."

"What, Aunt Peggy?" cried Edith;—"Miss Margaret Forde?"

"The same," returned he. "Pray call her Aunt Peggy—the name seems to suit her exactly. If I may use a hackneyed phrase, hers was the most refreshing character I have ever encountered. You might call her a grown-up child."

"A grown-up child!" cried Mr. Thornton; "I don't know that that is a very charming description of a middle-aged maiden lady. I suppose, Verner, you agree with Novalis, who says that a maiden is 'an everlasting child'—a poetical method of describing an old maid."

"Very," said Verner, laughing. "But you, and I, and Novalis, are thinking of quite different things; not but what Novalis and I are more nearly agreed with each other than either of us is with you."

"How do you know that?" inquired Thornton; "I don't like this vague, unphilosophical method of skimming over the surface of things. Come, now, I will bring you to the point. What on earth do you mean by a grown-up child? a spiritual dwarf—eh?"

"No; the reverse. But I confess I was talking rather at random. It was childhood of character, not childishness of intellect, that I meant."

"And pray," said Thornton, "how would a childish, or, if you prefer it, a child-like character, know how to manage a full-grown intellect? Would it not be rather like the old fable of Phaeton over again?"

"I grant you," replied Mr. Verner. "But you know, happily, all people are not called on to manage themselves, and there is no obedience so perfect as that of a child."

Mr. Verner's manner so evidently betrayed an unwillingness to argue, that his antagonist was too well-bred to pursue the subject. He turned, therefore, to Edith, and said, with a smile, "How do you like this doctrine of the necessity of obedience? It is a very masculine mode of passing sentence upon a woman's character, is it not?"

"Oh!" cried Edith, from her heart, "perfect obedience would be perfect happiness, if only we had full confidence in the authority we were obeying."

Mr. Thornton looked at her with some surprise, and Mr. Verner with sudden interest. He was turning over a large portfolio of prints which lay on the table, and he now drew forth one, and held it up before their eyes. It was a lithograph, by some German artist, very simple and quiet in its composition. It represented a little child in the dress of a pilgrim, walking slowly along a narrow path, bounded on either side by a terrific precipice, the edges of which were hidden from him by a luxuriant thicket of fruits and flowers. Behind the child stood an angel, with tall, white wings, fading upwards into the evening sky. The palms of the angel were placed lightly upon the shoulders of the little pilgrim, as if to retain him in the centre of the path; and the child, having closed his eyes, that he might not be able to see the tempting snares on either hand, was walking calmly onward, content not to know where he planted each step, so long as he felt the grasp of that gentle guidance upon him. "Beautiful!" exclaimed Thornton, examining it

with the eye of an artist. Edith said nothing, but a different feeling was kindling in her face, and Mr. Verner, who had at first held up the picture in silence, said to her, with a half-smile, as he replaced it in the portfolio, "As long as we have such guidance at hand, we need obedience rather more than clear-sightedness. Don't you think so?"

Edith made no answer, but her face spoke for her. The feeling within her was so new, that she was bashful in expressing it; when afterwards it had grown into a habit, she was not likely to be more voluble, but the one silence arose from timidity, the other from reserve. There seem to be two different modes of acquiring, so to speak, new feelings; according to the one, you catch them, as it were, seeing them first on the outside, being struck by them, busy with them, eloquent about them; the very earliest beginning is accompanied by consciousness, the gradual growth is a subject of observation. According to the other mode, the germ which has dropped into your heart develops quietly and silently; it is delicate, invisible, unsuspected; perhaps the first intimation which you receive of its existence is when in much wonder you hear the lips of another describe it with an unreal facility of expression, which instantly suggests to you that you have got the original, and he only the counterfeit. You stand by like Cinderella when her sisters were trying on the glass slipper, and you feel almost tempted to cry out, "Yes, it is very pretty, but it does not fit *you*, it fits *me*." The feeling confronts you at once in the shape of a habit, and as its acquisition was unconscious, so its life is a mystery. In this manner do all real changes of heart take place; mute and unobtrusive are they, as the workings of life in the earth-hidden root, known only by their result, when the mighty tree is fully grown. While the noisy and conscious self-analyzers are like children, who, having sown seeds in their gardens, are forever pulling them up to see whether they are growing, and so effectually destroying the little life they may have originally possessed.

At this moment Mrs. Dalton was announced, and Edith stepped forward to introduce her to Mrs. Brown, out of compassion for Alice's shyness which was too genuine to be mistaken. Mr. Verner, apparently as shy as herself, drew suddenly back as the new-comer entered, and occupied himself with a book in the furthest corner of the room. Thornton advanced to greet his cousin with his usual warmth, and to explain the cause of his not having come to her at once.

"I met a very old friend," said he, "and I thought I would indulge myself with an additional half-hour of his company, an excuse which I know would account to you for more than a mere breach of etiquette. By the bye, I think he is a former acquaintance of yours also. Verner, I believe it is not necessary to introduce you to my cousin, Miss Netherby, now Mrs. Dalton."

Salutations were exchanged, with a coldness and brevity which did not speak much for the former intimacy of the parties.

"I am so very glad to make your acquaintance," cried Amy, turning eagerly to Mrs. Brown. "I have long wished it, and I intend to see a great deal of your daughter. She must come to Beechwood for change of air. I am sure she is not well. Godfrey, you will echo the praises of Beechwood, won't you? It is, I do believe, the healthiest spot in England. You must add your persuasions to mine, and then we shall be sure to carry our point. I mean to assemble a most sociable party around me

—all congenial spirits; and since you are here for a holiday, and have no tiresome pictures to take up your time, you shall be entertainer-general. You shall give Miss Brown lessons in painting, and—"

She stopped suddenly, for the glow on Alice's face reminded her that she had touched a very painful subject. With an extraordinary deficiency in her wonted tact and readiness, she seemed wholly unable to cover her mistake, but remained perfectly silent, quickly passing her hand over her face with a half-laugh, as if at her own stupidity.

"I will do my best," said Mr. Thornton, "but I think you are far better qualified to entertain your guests than I am."

"Amy, you are ill!" cried Edith, starting forward. "You have walked too far; you are not used to these long rambles."

"Ill, my dear child!" exclaimed Amy, sharply. "Now, pray, don't be fanciful about me, it is really absurd. I am a perfect Hercules. But I must cut your visit short, Edith, for I have an appointment at home. No, no, (motioning Mr. Thornton aside,) I won't carry you away yet; we shall expect you to dinner. Good morning—good bye—I shall call again soon; and I shall be delighted to see you at Beechwood."

Making her adieux with rapidity, and taking Edith's arm, she moved away. Mr. Verner held the door open for them, and as they passed, Amy shook hands with him, but she was so busy in examining a small rent in her dress, that she did not once look towards him, and Edith could scarcely tell whether this parting courtesy was consciously offered or not.

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

At a public meeting in London, Mr. Johnson, one of the official assignees of the court of bankruptcy, illustrated the necessity of a reform—

It appeared to him, that up to this hour the merchants of London were ignorant of many of the things that happened in bankruptcies. Perhaps they were not prepared for the assertion that one family, since the death of the person granting them the privilege, had filched from the dividends of bankrupt estates no less a sum than £2,000,000 sterling. He would give the name, as he had no wish to conceal anything. He referred to Lord Thurlow, who was lord chancellor, and who died in 1791. He took good care of his children, and the Reverend Mr. Thurlow was a pensioner off dividends to the amount of £7,700 a year. And yet the merchants sat quietly down, under such a state of things. Up to this time there had been dragged by official assignees and others from the pockets of merchants no less an amount than £3,000,000; and there had been no less than £1,500,000 of merchants' money frittered away in pensions and sinecures.

In the court of queen's bench, on 20 Nov., the proceedings on the writ of error upon an indictment in the case of the Queen *versus* Chadwick were brought to a close by the delivery of judgment. The defendant Chadwick had married one Harriet Fisher, who died: he then married her sister, Anne Fisher; but being told that this second marriage was unlawful, Chadwick acted as if it had never taken place, and married Elizabeth Barton. He was indicted for bigamy at the Liverpool Assizes; the defence was rested on the ground that the marriage with Anne Fisher being void in law, he had no wife alive at the time of marrying Elizabeth Barton. He was convicted on the facts, but brought an appeal on the point of law. The real question at issue, therefore, is the validity of the marriage of a widower with the sister of his deceased wife. In giving judgment, Lord Denman said that the question depended upon the construction of the first and second sections of the 5th and 6th William IV. c. 54; and it would be necessary to consider what were those marriages within the prohibited degrees which it was the object of that act to prevent. "The prohibited degrees" are set forth in two acts, one passed in the 25th and the other in the 28th year of the reign of Henry the Eighth; and among them is expressly enumerated the "wife's sister." Many matters of curious learning had been pressed

into the argument; but to decide on them, would be to do what the statute was expressly meant to prevent when it took upon itself to declare *what* was "the law of God." Whether right or not in a moral or critical point of view, the provisions of the law are binding on the courts. In the present case, the second marriage, being within the prohibited degrees, was void; therefore no guilt was incurred in contracting the last marriage; and the judgment of the court below was perfectly right. The other judges having concurred, judgment was given for the defendant in error.

DURING the past week, surgical operations have been performed under the influence of the new agent for producing insensibility, chloroform, by Mr. Liston at University College Hospital; Mr. Lawrence, at St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Mr. Wakley, junior, at the Royal Free Hospital; Mr. Tatum, at St. George's Hospital; Mr. Robinson, in dental surgery; and by other operators. These operations have included lithotomy, amputation of the breast, excision of tumors, &c. Although in every case the chloroform has proved successful in preventing pain, we would warn the profession against the indiscriminate or incautious use of an agent of such immense power. We do this, in order that, if possible, no discredit may fall on the discovery, by accidents which care on the part of operating surgeons may prevent.—*Lancet*, Nov. 26.

THE railway commissioners have prepared a statement which is believed to be substantially correct, and it shows the following results as the railway expenditure in the years mentioned—

In 1841,	£1,470,000
1842,	2,980,000
1843,	4,435,000
1844,	6,105,000
1845, { First six months,	3,510,000
{ Second six months,	10,625,000
1846, { First six months,	9,815,000
{ Second six months,	26,670,000
1847, First six months,	25,770,000

The latter half of 1847 would probably show somewhat different results, as it had not been so easy to borrow money or extract the calls from the pockets of the shareholders. But if works had gone on at the same rate, the expenditure would have amounted in this year to 64,000,000*l.*; in 1848, to 70,000,000*l.*; in 1849, to 47,000,000*l.*; and in 1850, to 10,000,000*l.*; by which time, probably, the works already authorized would have been finished.

From Chambers' Journal.

TUITION OF IDIOTS.

At the conclusion of our last article on the tuition of idiots, we dwelt briefly on the methods of exciting the senses of taste and touch. We now proceed to consider the means to be adopted with a view of acting on the organ of vision. In devising expedients for this purpose, as also in every other proceeding respecting the object in hand, the condition of the young subject must be carefully regarded, and the appliances made to bear on the individual in greater or less intensity, according to the peculiarity of the case. In most idiots a vacant wandering gaze is observable; the first aim of the tutor should therefore be directed so as to fix the eye of the pupil on some object. This may, in general, be accomplished by holding up a small substance in the axis of vision, and causing it to follow the varying motions of the eyeballs. As soon as the regard is attracted to whatever is thus presented, and the eye is noticed to dwell upon the object, it should be kept stationary until the attention is fixed upon it; and then being slowly moved backwards and forwards, so as to draw the eye in a corresponding direction, a regular and voluntary action of the muscles of the eyeball becomes excited. In most instances this preliminary exercise will be followed by the desired result; but should a more powerful stimulus be found necessary, it may be advisable to employ a luminous body. If this prove insufficient, the room ought to be darkened, and a beam of light permitted to enter through a small circular aperture in the shutter. To this point the face of the pupil should then be directed for a longer or shorter time; and when the object of fixing the attention by means of this strong impression is obtained, the exercises on the organ of sight, already described, may be adopted at a subsequent period.

As soon as the efforts to fix the regard prove successful, attempts may be made to impart an idea of color. To accomplish this, pieces of wood, of the same form and size, painted with the three primitive colors, red, blue, and yellow, as well as white and black, should be provided. These should be successively and slowly exhibited. In due time duplicates of each color ought to be placed on the table; and the tutor, selecting a particular piece from the one set, intimates that the pupil should take a corresponding one from the other set which are placed before him. Whenever an indication of appreciation of color is manifested by readiness in matching the portion presented by the tutor, it will be advisable to pronounce the name of each, so as to affect both the eye and the ear with a distinct impression in relation to the quality of the object held up for observation.

In like manner, some impression as to the different forms of objects may be engendered by placing on the table pieces of wood having distinct and marked shapes—such as square, circular, triangular, &c. The exercise with these may be pursued in a way precisely similar to that adopted to impart ideas of color—namely, by first showing each separately, then by placing the whole before the pupil, and drawing from a duplicate set a particular piece to be matched, and at the same time pronouncing its form.

When conducting this exercise, it is advisable to bring the sense of touch, as well as that of sight, into play. The hand should be caused to pass over the surface of each figure, so as to distinguish the different sensations produced by objects differently

shaped. At a more advanced period, it may serve a good purpose to bring each sense into operation independent of the other, with a view of quickening them in a still higher degree. To accomplish this, a bandage should be lightly passed over the eyes, and then each figure should be placed in the hands, in order that the sense of touch may be exercised to discover the form of the object without the aid of sight; and so, in a similar manner, the eye may be encouraged to discriminate without the assistance of the hands.

The continued action of the senses of sight and touch may, after the lapse of a short interval, be made serviceable to communicate the separate ideas of size and number. This can be accomplished by pursuing the principle adopted to impart notions of color.

To give instruction as to size of objects, procure several duplicate pieces of wood, some in the form of squares, others oblong, and another set in long pieces. Each set being successively placed before the pupil, his attention is to be directed to them; and if he has already conceived the idea of shape from the previous exercise, he will become conscious that the objects before him have the same figure, but are different in another particular—namely, size. Whenever this conception is formed, the duplicate set may be produced, and the exercise pursued in the manner already described when speaking on the method of communicating ideas of color, using the words *large* or *small* as the corresponding fragments are presented. In conducting this, as well as every other exercise, care must be taken that no objects except those in use are exposed to view, otherwise the attention will become distracted, and the ideas confused. It is equally important to avoid wearying or irritating the pupil by continuing any effort too long, or by an unnecessary repetition of performances in which he is tolerably perfect. A judicious variety of action, passing from the simple to the more advanced, by bringing into play the several functions of the mind, prevents irksomeness, and promotes improvement in a material degree.

Notions of number will be generated if twenty or thirty circular pieces of white card are exposed to view in two different quantities, distinguishing each by the words *larger* and *smaller*. As soon as this conception is created, equal numbers should be presented, using at the time the word *same* or *like*. Subsequently, a single portion should be held up, and indicated by pronouncing the figure *one*, then *two*, and so on. Whenever ideas of quantity and number are thus formed, attempts should be made to impress the mind with the corresponding symbol. To effect this, a blackboard should be provided having white spots painted upon it of the same size as the pieces of card, and with the figure corresponding to the number placed at the extremity of each line, thus:—

10
200
3000

A single line should be exposed separately, so as to show only one figure and the corresponding circles at the same time.

To those pupils who have the capacity, and with whom it is desirable to pursue instruction further respecting the power of numbers, the task will be much facilitated, and the object better attained, by employing the separate portions of card in preference to the arbitrary symbols. The design of tuition

tion should be carefully kept in view—namely, that of quickening the faculties, and creating clear conceptions, so as to turn them to good account. We should therefore be especially guarded against the temptation of stepping beyond the bounds of utility; we should ever keep in mind what ought, rather than what can, be accomplished.

It is pleasing to discover, amidst much that is unattractive in these imperfect creatures, some peculiarities which are singularly interesting. Among these may be noticed the remarkable susceptibility of the majority of idiots to musical sounds. Nearly all are acutely sensible of this influence, though they may be unable to utter a note or intelligible sound; and many, ignorant and incapable in other respects, manifest a remarkable power of imitating with the voice any simple air which has been carefully and repeatedly executed for their benefit. This sensibility of the organ of hearing becomes important as a means of producing impressions and awakening emotions. By a judicious education of the ear, the tutor acquires both a capability of communicating pleasing sensations, and also an increased power of enforcing obedience by a careful and marked intonation of his own voice, when imparting the various necessary directions to his pupils. Although in general naturally acute, yet this sense should receive a like systematic culture with the others. In addition to the regular gradations of the gamut, impressions should be made by striking various sonorous bodies together, and by uttering the different vocal expressions indicative of the emotions of the mind. It may be here remarked that there appears to be a greater susceptibility to lively and well-marked instrumental music than to that produced by the voice.

In following out the foregoing directions respecting the cultivation of the senses, great discretion will be absolutely necessary on the part of the tutor in adjusting the exercises to each particular case, as well as to the relative imperfections of the different organs observable in the same individual. Careful observation, combined with a fair amount of tact, will, however, lead to an adaptation of suitable means to each pupil. It may here be remarked, that too rigid an observance of the above directions should not be enforced. Considerable latitude should be taken by the tutor, lest, by following too rigidly the somewhat artificial, though scientific and progressive order of cultivating the senses, a degree of irksomeness might in some instances be produced. To prevent this, frequent opportunities should be made available of directing the notice of the pupil to all ordinary objects which come within the range of his observation. He should be made as familiar with their names and uses as his imperfect capacity will allow. He should be taught to handle various articles, to attend to personal cleanliness, to dress and undress, as well as to take his food, without assistance. To accomplish all these objects, the force of example must be brought into operation, and much reliance must also be placed on the ingenuity, judgment, patience, and perseverance of the instructor.

In pursuing a systematic course of training, it will be found that the imitative tendency is strongly implanted in the objects before us. This is a fortunate circumstance, as by a judicious use of that well-known influence which the stronger has over the weaker mind, a valuable means of leading forward, regulating, and rendering useful the rudest and most inert materials is placed in our hands. Of all the various elementary principles brought

into operation in the tuition of idiots, this is the most powerful and important. It fortunately happens that so useful an agent is applicable in all cases, and may be made to bear with due efficacy upon each, taking, as the faculties become developed, a higher range of action. It may be divided into three kinds or stages: first, the simple motions of the limbs; next, the handling of objects; and lastly, the moral influence of example in all that relates to conduct and duty. The manner of causing the pupil to conceive and follow the various positions of the tutor having been already described when speaking on the regulation of muscular action, we proceed to the consideration of the more advanced stage—namely, the method to be employed with a view of leading, by means of the imitative tendency, to the use of various implements.

The first step in this important procedure may be accomplished by placing on the table two pieces of wood, about the size and shape of ordinary building bricks. One of them being handed to the youth, the instructor takes the other, and placing it in a certain position, requires that the remaining piece shall be moved by the pupil so as to correspond with it in situation. At first, little or no idea of the intention is formed, and some assistance becomes necessary. In a short time, however, an appreciation of the object sought is engendered, and the pupil will readily cause his portion to assume the various positions of the opposite one. When this is accomplished, an increased number should be employed, and the faculty of imitation cultivated, by arranging one set in a certain order, to be followed by the pupil with the other set. Succeeding to this exercise, domestic implements may be introduced, and their uses taught through the power of imitation. Thus, by gradual and progressive steps, instruction in various easy occupations may ultimately be inculcated, and the apparently hopeless object rendered useful and happy by means at once simple and applicable.

From what has been already advanced, the reader will perceive that the impressions received by a sound infant mind intuitively, require to be communicated by artificial means to the idiot. In pursuing those higher branches of instruction which prepare him to enter on active and useful avocations, the same principle must be carefully kept in view. Before the attempt is made to instruct the pupil in any handicraft employment, his ideas of form, and his capability of describing various figures in chalk, must be fully cultivated. This is an exercise which usually excites an agreeable impression among the pupils, and is accordingly entered on with readiness and pleasure. A blackboard being provided, the tutor draws upon it, by means of a rule and chalk, a single line; then requires that a similar one shall be imitated by each pupil in succession. The first lesson is devoted to a perpendicular line, the next to a horizontal, and the following one to an oblique.

As soon as the pupil has made each respective line, he should be required to utter the word, *up*, *flat*, *slant*, according as the line is perpendicular, horizontal, or oblique. After this combined exercise of both hands has been duly practised, he should be taught to draw a straight line without the aid of a rule. Then the three lines he has been taught being connected at each extremity, a triangle becomes represented on the board. To familiarize him, or rather to impress him, with a just conception of the nature of this picture, place in his hand the triangular piece of wood formerly employed to impart ideas of form, and encourage him to compare

it with the figure on the board. By so doing, he becomes aware that the lines he has made constitute a representation of the substance he holds in his hand. A little reflection will convince us that the various steps embraced in this simple lesson are of great value in creating steadiness and capability of directing the hand, in perfecting the conception of form, and in generating a power to draw a representation of a simple object.

Whenever some proficiency is attained in drawing straight lines, the pupil should be taught to describe a curve; first by the aid of the rule, one extremity of which being fixed by the thumb, forms an axis, and becomes the centre of the circle. Subsequently, the hands should be exercised in forming curves without the aid of any instrument. After some practice of the eye and hand, in proportion to the capacity of the pupil, these preliminary exercises in the art of drawing should be followed up by efforts to impart the power of representing simple objects. This will be effected with the greatest ease, by presenting the mathematical figures, shaped in wood for imitation, beginning with the triangle, and passing to the square, circle, oblong, oval, &c. In due time, simple implements, with which the youth has become familiar, should be held up, that he may attempt a rude picture of them.

Several advantages ensue from this course of tuition. The object sought is not to make a painter, but to expand and cultivate the mind, to open out stores of improvement and enjoyment by this simplest of languages—the hieroglyphical. It also serves a most useful purpose in perfecting ideas of shape, and a power of imitation which can ultimately be turned to good account in manual operations requiring a capacity to cut and work out rude materials into useful articles.

The first instruction in letters is founded on the preliminary exercise respecting a straight line and curve, the various combinations of which form the complete alphabet. This important branch of instruction is greatly facilitated, and precise ideas respecting the symbols of language are created, by first making known those letters which consist of simple lines, next the circle, and lastly those consisting of a straight line and portion of the circle. We may here remark, though not forming a part of this portion of instruction, that when a consonant is represented, the simple sound should be associated with it, not that compound with a vowel which is usually employed in ordinary schools. This both aids utterance, and prevents confused notions.

Most idiots are mute; that is to say, they do not utter any intelligible sounds, owing to causes analogous to those which impede control over muscular action in other parts of the body. The means of cultivating the organ of speech consist in producing successive motions of the jaw, lips, and tongue. When the faculty of imitation is developed, and the pupil is able to control the muscles of those parts, the object may be easily attained if the tutor exhibit the necessary movements. But in some cases, both the tendency to follow the actions of others, and the power over the vocal apparatus, are so imperfect, that it becomes necessary to aid the muscles. The jaw should be opened and closed, the lips brought into various positions by the use of the fingers, and the tongue moved by means of a paper knife.

When, however, imitation and power of motion are more perfect, the mechanical assistance is unnecessary. Such exercises as whistling, sucking a ferule, holding a small body between the lips,

protruding the tongue, and moving it in every direction, should be practised. After these muscular actions have been many times exercised, a simple sound should be uttered by the tutor, and repeated till the pupil does the same. When he becomes perfect in uttering simple labials and linguals, he should be practised in uttering consecutive syllables.

The power of arrangement may be taught by placing several square and oblong pieces of wood so as to form a certain figure, to be imitated by the pupil. As soon as some knowledge of letters is communicated, he should be taught the sound of two letters combined, and then of those which form a word. The instruction in this department is greatly facilitated by having the letters on separate portions of card, so that they can be selected and brought together. The first words formed should be substantives of one syllable only, as hat, cap, &c. The object should also be presented at the time, so as to impress the mind with the power of the letters employed in forming the word. No words should be used of which the meaning has not been communicated.

From substantives proceed to adjectives: show that a hat may be white or black; then to verbs: form the sentence "move the hat," and when moving it, point to the verb. So with prepositions, place an object in, on, under the hat, &c., repeating the respective preposition, and showing the word whenever the object is placed in these different situations.

We now approach a most important department of tuition; namely, that of moral guidance. Owing to the inherent deficiencies already described, the several actions of idiots, constituting conduct, belong in a great measure to that class termed evil. To check this unfortunate tendency, and to cultivate the moral sense, so as to engender ideas of duty and improved conduct, form the highest office of the tutor. Although certain influences about to be described may be said strictly to belong to the class of moral agents, yet it is to be observed that every step already taken bears on the same end in a most material degree. The faculties have been cultivated, knowledge imparted, and an affectionate regard for, and obedient reliance on, the tutor is felt. During the whole progress of intellectual training, it is vitally important that the moral sense be regarded, and that means should be taken to regulate and cultivate it. The first object to be accomplished is to prevent the pupil from committing any evil act; the next, to direct him to a more improved conduct by constant supervision; and lastly, to promote a desire and will to continue such conduct when no control is exercised over him. It will be perceived that, in training the moral sense, a course very similar to that adopted in the regulation of muscular action is recommended to be pursued; namely, first the prevention of vicious tendencies and habits; next, a judicious regulation under control; and lastly, a free and unrestrained power, stimulated by due excitants.

In accomplishing this latter and very exalted duty, the pupil should be taught to notice, compare, and judge—in fact, to reason, and then to will. He should be made to feel his wants both in food and clothing, and to supply them by fetching the necessary articles from a distant part of the establishment. When conducting this moral tuition, the first dawning of a better disposition should be carefully looked for, and made available when discovered. It is probable that, after the perverse propensities have been conquered, and the pupil has submitted to di-

rection in a better course, some manifestation of a new desire or will may become apparent. This, if correct, should be actively encouraged, and other aids sought for to cultivate and gratify pure tastes and feelings. By these means, he will, in course of time, be made sensible of many rational enjoyments, the gratification of which can be turned to good account as rewards for improved conduct.

Our remarks on the tuition specially adapted to the idiotic having already occupied so much space, we are unable to dwell at any length on the means applicable to those children in whom the development of the mental faculties has been retarded, owing to the occurrence of certain actions of the brain which have supervened after birth. The gymnastic exercises calculated to invigorate the bodily functions may be safely encouraged, but it will be advisable to adopt precautions respecting those agents destined to stimulate the brain in a direct manner, lest, by an injudicious excitement of a disordered organ, additional disturbance arise, which it may be difficult to allay. The advice of a medical man should be sought, who, taking into account the cause which has operated in preventing the expansion of the mind, will be able to suggest what exercises are likely to prove advantageous, and what prejudicial.

Something remains to be said respecting the properties of the individual required to execute this nice and delicate work of tuition. He who is employed in the task should possess many amiable qualities. A mild, gentle, persuasive, serene, and charitable nature should be sought for, but at the same time a weak and yielding disposition is to be avoided. With much calm self-possession should be united an equal share of firmness, consistency and perseverance. Those endowments of temper, address, forbearance, superior judgment, and strong determination, constituting a power to command, are especially needed; as well as that ready and decisive appliance of just means to every emergency, usually denominated tact. Considerable play and power of voice, gesture, and look, are necessary to fix attention, communicate an impression, and enforce obedience. A capability to enter with spirit on various games and pastimes, and a facility of expressing emotion, as well as a taste for music, are all desirable qualities.

The power of observation should be studiously applied, the peculiarities of each pupil carefully marked, and met with that discretion which can alone lead to success.

We have now traced some of the essential influences destined to elevate the most inert and degraded creature, by the education of the whole being to the likeness of man. The means are as simple and applicable as they are sound and philosophical, and it is only necessary to use them with energy and discretion, to secure happy results.

From Chambers' Journal.

TRUMAN HENRY SAFFORD.

THIS is the name of a boy, now ten years of age, who, if he lives, and continues to enjoy mental and corporeal health, will in all probability be one of the most remarkable men America has ever produced. He is not one of those "prodigies" in whom a single faculty is developed to a preternatural extent; for his general talent is nearly as conspicuous as his aptitude for mathematics. He has both the will and the power to learn in a very extraordinary degree, and his success cannot by

any means be ascribed, as in other cases, to the collective energies of his mind being turned into a single channel.

He was born at Royalton, Windsor County, Vermont, on the 6th of January, 1836. His father is a farmer, and a person of considerable intelligence; and both his parents, during the earlier portion of their lives, were instructors of youth. From his father he appears to have inherited his passion for mathematical studies, and from his mother a nervous temperament, so exquisite,

"That one might almost say his body thought."

In his first year, he was so delicate, so fragile, that perhaps no other mother could have reared him; but from the wan, unearthly lips of the infant there came questions that made the listeners start and thrill by their preternatural intelligence. It seemed as if he had come into the world with a craving for knowledge, which he waited only for the gift of speech to "wreak upon expression." But it was not till his third year that the grand bias of his mind was suspected; nor did this fully develop itself till three years after. His parents had already amused themselves with his power of calculating numbers; but one day now, as we are told, he "remarked to his mother, that if he knew how many rods it was round his father's large meadow, he could tell the measure in barleycorns. When his father came in, she mentioned it to him; and he, knowing the dimensions of the field, made a calculation, and told the boy it was 1040 rods; the lad, after a few minutes, gave 617,760, as the distance in barleycorns, 'in his head,' as the phrase is."

This was sufficiently remarkable in a child of six years of age; but before his eighth year, he had gone to the extent of the famous Zerah Colburn's powers, and had answered, in fifteen minutes, all the questions which more recently made the reputation of a negro boy, detecting three mistakes either of the press or the boy. But these feats were not achieved—and this is the most promising fact in his history—by the kind of intuition usually observable in such cases, but by means of study; and it was observed that he improved rapidly by practice, and lost proportionately when he neglected the cultivation of his powers. At this time he acquired from books some knowledge of algebra and geometry, and appeared to possess, "in addition to the power of performing lengthy calculations in his head, the higher power of comprehending and solving abstruse and difficult questions in the various branches of mathematics."

He was now attacked by typhus fever; and an incident of his illness is related which exhibits at once his passion for such studies and the extreme delicacy of his nervous temperament. "When the alarming crisis of his disease had passed, and he was slowly recovering, he plead most affectingly with his mother for Day's Algebra and his slate. His mother, aware of his extreme nervousness and irritability at the time, thought it would be better to gratify than to refuse him, and gave him the algebra and slate. He immediately commenced making a long statement, which extended nearly across the slate; but before he could finish it, his little hand failed, his pencil dropped, and giving up in despair, he burst into tears, and wept long and bitterly." After his recovery, Hutton's Mathematics and the Cambridge Mathematics were added to his few books, and in the winter of 1844—45 he studied hard. In the following spring,

Dr. Chester Dewry, a mathematician well known throughout the United States, writes of him thus:—"He is not one of the calculators by instinct, if I may use the language, but a real regular reasoner, on correct and established principles, taking the easiest and most direct course. As he had Hutton's Mathematics, and wanted some logarithms, his father told me he computed the logarithms from 1 to 60 by the formula given by Hutton, which were afterwards found to be the same in a table of logarithms for the same number of decimals. He is a wonderful boy. His mind seems bent on the study of mathematics, and he takes his books about with him, that he may study some every day. He was also much interested in three lectures on chemistry, that he attended. He seems very able to make a practical application of his knowledge. His mind is too active; and when roused in the night, or made wakeful by his nervous temperament, it is often difficult to arrest the current of his thoughts on some interesting calculation. The study of mathematical relations seems to be amusement to him."

He was now taken to Hanover, where he saw for the first time an extensive collection of books and mathematical instruments. The sight made the poor nervous student wild with excitement; and when taken away, he was drowned in tears. On returning home from a little tour, in the course of which he had been introduced to various scientific men, and had his library enriched by several useful acquisitions, he set about constructing an almanac, which was actually put to press in the autumn of 1845, having been cast when its author was just nine years and a half old. In the following year he calculated four different almanac calendars—one for Cincinnati, which was published with a portrait; one for Philadelphia; one for Boston; and one for his native Vermont. "While getting up the Cincinnati one, he became much abstracted in his manner, wandered about with his head down, talking to himself, &c., as is his manner while originating new rules. His father approached him, and inquired what he was doing, and found that he had originated a new rule for getting moon risings and settings, accompanied with a table which saves full one fourth of the work in casting moon risings. This rule, with a number of others for calculating eclipses, is preserved with his manuscript almanacs in the library of Harvard University." This almanac was placed upon a par by scientific men with the works of mathematicians of mature years; and the wonderful boy, who saw two editions of his book sold almost immediately—one of 7000, and one of 17,000 copies—became at once a public character.

"Not satisfied," says the Rev. H. W. Adams of him at this time, "with the old, circuitous processes of demonstration, and impatient of delay, young Safford is constantly evolving new rules for abridging his work. He has found a new rule by which to calculate eclipses, hitherto unknown, so far as I know, to any mathematician. He told me it would shorten the work nearly one third. When finding this rule, for two or three days he seemed to be in a sort of trance. One morning very early he came rushing down stairs, not stopping to dress himself, poured on to his slate a stream of figures, and soon cried out, in the wildness of his joy, 'Oh, father, I have got it—I have got it! It comes—it comes!'"

We now proceed to give the results of a regular examination of the boy, in which the questions were

prepared beforehand by a skilful mathematician, with the view of testing his powers to the uttermost.

"I went, firmly expecting to be able to confound him, as I had previously prepared myself with various problems for his solution. I did not suppose it possible for a boy of ten years only to be able to play, as with a top, with all the higher branches of mathematics. But in this I was disappointed. Here follow some of the questions I put to him, and his answers. I said, 'Can you tell me how many seconds old I was last March, the 12th day, when I was twenty-seven years old?' He replied instantly, '85,255,200.' Then said I, 'The hour and minute hands of a clock are exactly together at 12 o'clock: when are they next together?' Said he, as quick as thought, '1 h. 5 5-11 m.' And here I will remark that I had only to read the sum to him once. He did not care to see it, but only to hear it announced once, no matter how long. Let this fact be remembered in connection with some of the long and blind sums I shall hereafter name, and see if it does not show his amazing power of conception and comprehension. Also, he would perform the sums mentally, and also on a slate, working by the briefest and strictest rules, and hurrying on to the answer with a rapidity outstripping all capacity to keep up with him. The next sum I gave him was this: 'A man and his wife usually drank out a cask of beer in twelve days; but when the man was from home it lasted the woman thirty days. How many days would the man alone be drinking it?' He whirled about, rolled up his eyes, and replied at once, '20 days.' Then said I, 'What number is that which, being divided by the product of its digits, the quotient is three; and if 18 be added, the digits will be inverted?' He flew out of his chair, whirled round, rolled up his wild flashing eyes, and said, in about a minute, '24.' Then said I, 'Two persons, A and B, departed from different places at the same time, and travelled towards each other. On meeting, it appeared that A had travelled 18 miles more than B, and that A could have gone B's journey in 15½ days, but B would have been 28 days in performing A's journey. How far did each travel?' He flew round the room, round the chairs, writhing his little body as if in agony, and in about a minute sprung up to me and said, 'A travelled 72 miles, and B 54 miles—did n't they?' 'Yes.' Then said I, 'What two numbers are those whose sum, multiplied by the greater, is equal to 77, and whose difference, multiplied by the less, is equal to 12?' He again shot out of his chair like an arrow, flew about the room, his eyes wildly rolling in their sockets, and in about a minute said, '4 and 7.' 'Well,' said I, 'the sum of two numbers is 8, and the sum of their cubes 152. What are the numbers?' Said he instantly, '3 and 5.' Now, in regard to these sums, they are the hardest in Davies' Algebra.

"I took him into the mensuration of solids. Said I, 'What is the entire surface of a regular pyramid, whose slant height is 17 feet, and the base a pentagon, of which each side is 33.5 feet?' In about two minutes, after amplifying round the room, as his custom is, he replied '3354.5558.' 'How did you do it?' said I. He answered, 'Multiply 33.5 by 5, and that product by 8.5, and add this product to the product obtained by squaring 33.5, and multiplying the square by the tabular area taken from the table corresponding to a pentagon.' On looking at this process, it is strictly scientific. Add to this fact, that I was examin-

ing him on different branches of the mathematics requiring the application of different rules, and that he went from one sum to another with rapidity, performing the work in his mind when asked, and the wonder is still greater. Then I desired him to find the surface of a sphere. 'Hence,' said I, 'required the area of the surface of the earth, its diameter being 7921 miles!' He replied as quick as thought, '197,141,024 square miles.' To do it, he had to square 7921, and multiply the product by 3.1416. Then I wished him to give me the solidity of a sphere; therefore, said I, 'What is the solidity of the earth, the mean diameter being 7918.7 miles!' He writhed about, flew rapidly about the room, flashed his eyes, and in about a minute said, '259,992,792,083.' To do this, he multiplied the cube of 7918.7 by 5236. I believe he used a few figures in doing this sum, but it was unnecessary, as he performed a much larger one in his mind, as I shall soon show. I then asked him to give me the cube root of 3,723,875. He replied quicker than I could write it, and that mentally, '155—is it not?' 'Yes.' Then said I, 'What is the cube root of 5,177,717?' Said he, '173.' 'Of 7,880,599?' He instantly said, '199.' These roots he gave, calculated wholly in his mind, as quick as you could count one. I then asked his parents if I might give him a hard sum to perform mentally. They said they did not wish to tax his mind too much, nor often to its full capacity, but were quite willing to let me try him once. Then said I, 'Multiply, in your head, 365,365,365,365,365 by 365,365,365,365,365,365.' He flew round the room like a top, pulled his pantaloons over the top of his boots, bit his hand, rolled his eyes in their sockets, sometimes smiling and talking, and then seeming to be in agony, until, in not more than one minute, said he, '133,491,850,208,566,925,016,658,299,941,583,225.' The boy's father, Rev. C. N. Smith, and myself, had each a pencil and slate to take down the answer, and he gave it to us in periods of three figures each, as fast as it was possible for us to write them. And what was still more wonderful, he began to multiply at the left hand, and to bring out the answer from left to right, giving first '133,491,' &c. Here, confounded above measure, I gave up the examination. The boy looked pale, and said he was tired. He said it was the largest sum he had ever done!"

Well, indeed, may the poor child have looked pale, after a three hours' examination like this! Such experiments resemble certain animal murders, in which the victim is tortured to death for the gratification of scientific curiosity. It is no wonder that young Safford has been pronounced to be "fore-doomed." But more merciful inquirers have given a very different account of the relative working of his mind and body. They deny any distortion of features, any clouding of the brow, any diminution of the cheerful brightness of his boyish eye. They tell us that he walks with a free step round the room, threading his way behind chairs, gliding into corners, and looking up at the questioner as he passes with a smile, apparently no more fatigued than a boy with his usual play. It would seem clear from this that if he is fore-doomed, it is not by nature, but by man. But the frail constitution, the delicate health, the small limbs, the brilliant eyes, the pallid countenance, are not necessarily indications of early death; and there are circumstances in the case before us which give every hope that if the boy only receives fair play, he may live long enough to obtain a perma-

nent place in the constellation of science, instead of passing away, as some anticipate, like the meteor of a moment. One of these circumstances is what appears to us to be the curious and interesting fact, that in him the intellectual does not require to draw upon the physical man for aid in extraordinary emergencies. In ordinary cases, when the feats, as in the present, are not performed by intuition, but are the result of previous study, the calculator or reasoner suspends, so far as he can, the exercise of those faculties that are applied to the uses of the body: he abstracts his senses from external objects, and appears either to exact from them some mysterious aid within, or at least to require a strict neutrality. With the Vermont boy, on the contrary, the external perceptions seem to quicken in the mental excitement. The exercise of his body goes on at the same moment with the exercise of his mind; and if he is engaged in any ordinary employment at the time, instead of suspending it, he redoubles his energy. This affords a hope that in his case the mind may not be worked in any fatal disproportion.

The value of that mind may be collected from the following statements by Mr. Adams, the gentleman who tested his powers so rigorously.

"But young Safford's strength does not lie wholly in the mathematics. He has a sort of mental absorption. His infant mind drinks in knowledge as the sponge does water. Chemistry, botany, philosophy, geography, and history, are his sport. It does not make much difference what question you ask him, he answers very readily. I spoke to him of some of the recent discoveries in chemistry. He understood them. I spoke to him of the solidification of carbonic acid gas, by Professor Johnston of the Wesleyan University. He said he understood it. Here his eyes flashed fire, and he began to explain the process.

"His memory, too, is very retentive. He has pored over Gregory's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences so much, that I seriously doubt whether there can be a question asked him, drawn from either of those immense volumes, that he will not answer instantly. I saw the volumes, and also noticed that he had left his marks on almost every page. I asked to see his mathematical works. He sprung into his study and produced me Greenleaf's Arithmetic, Perkins' Algebra, Playfair's Euclid, Pike's Arithmetic, Davies' Algebra, Hutton's Mathematics, Flint's Surveying, the Cambridge Mathematics, Gummere's Astronomy, and several nautical almanacs. I asked him if he had mastered them all. He replied that he had. And an examination of him, for the space of three hours, convinced me that he had; and not only so, but that he had far outstripped them. His knowledge is not intuitive. He is a pure and profound reasoner."

What to do with this remarkable boy was the question. A neighboring bank offered him a thousand dollars a year to enact the part of a machine for calculating interest. Another admirer of genius, equally disposed to turn the penny by it, advised his father to carry him about the country as a show; in the hope, no doubt, that his intellectual greatness might stand as well in the market as the physical littleness of General Tom Thumb. If this plan had been carried into effect, we should have had him in England no doubt; when, of course, her Majesty and her principal nobility would have treated him with at least the distinction they lavished, so honorably to themselves and to the

character of the British court, upon the dwarf! Some thought he should be lavishly supplied with books, and his genius left undisturbed to itself; while others contended that he ought to have the benefit of a public education, superintended by men eminent for their acquirements. This last opinion, we are happy to say, was adopted by his father; who, on the invitation of the Harvard University, removed to Cambridge with his family, where about this time last year Truman Henry Safford was placed under the charge of Principal Everett and Professor Pierce.

The above is compiled, so far as the facts are concerned, from a long article in a Boston (American) paper, called the "Christian Alliance and Family Visitor."

From El Heraldo, of Madrid.

SPAIN, THE UNITED STATES, AND MEXICO.

THE events which are now taking place in the unfortunate republic of Mexico, unhappily concur to corroborate the sad predictions which we uttered not long since, when we represented as the only possible remedy in its present precarious situation, the establishment of a Mexican monarchy under a Spanish prince. The colossus which was then trampling it down is engaged in the consummation of its work; and, although at the expense of severe struggles and sanguinary losses, there is no doubt of its complete triumph. The ancient kingdom of Montezuma will succumb, and Mexico, as a nation, will fade from the political scene. Would matters have reached this dismal extremity, if the Mexicans, comprehending their real interests, had thrown themselves into the arms of the old mother country, and placed themselves under the shelter of its friendly protection? We answer, certainly not!

Meanwhile, one feat of arms after another is successively placing the most important places in Mexico at the disposal of the American army; yet the United States cannot congratulate themselves on the victory. Why—if it be true that they are advancing from conquest to conquest—is the work of victory found less easy of accomplishment than there was at first reason to believe? Those who before yielded their posts without a struggle are now defending themselves, and fighting with the ferocity of despair. An entire people are not easily subjugated, nor are they to be erased from the list of nations by two or three victories.

The proud and potent Federal Republic will doubtless triumph over the disunited and exhausted Mexicans, if not by force of arms, at all events by protocols; but we repeat that, apart from the vain glory of satisfied pride, the annexation of this new state to those of the Union will be found more prejudicial than useful. The territory of the U. States is already too extensive to allow this new acquisition to serve otherwise than as an obstacle in the way of the government; and either probabilities will be falsified, or the eventful result will be the splitting up of that powerful republic into an infinite number of others, without the possibility of preventing this forcible dismemberment, which the times will enforce. And, if to this local reason be added the natural antipathy which must necessarily prevail between the conquerors and the conquered, and the distinct habits, the difference of religion, language, and customs, it is not doubtful that the North Americans will not enjoy a single moment of tranquillity in their new sovereignty.

But even if this distant, and perhaps ill-omened

future somewhat soften to us the sadness of the event which we deplore, it is no less certain that the last fragment of the Spanish race will disappear from those countries, and that with it will vanish the remotest hope of the eventual recovery by the mother country, of the legitimate influence which it was called upon to exercise in those colonies, for merly the brightest diadem in its crown of the two worlds.

We do not wish directly to inculcate any government whatsoever; but there has been much blindness, inattention, and neglect, in so acting as to allow our ancient transmarine colonies to become an easy prize to the haughty rival of England, instead of having received them beneath the *agis* of its ancient national flag.

And if the cupidity of the American colossus should be satiated with its conquests, already secured, these evils would be less deplorable, but its tendency is strikingly marked. The preponderating republic of the New World cannot complacently contemplate the existence in those seas of a single point in which homage is paid to the old monarchical principle; it fears, and with reason, that, maintained in her present possessions, Spain may some day wake from her extraordinary lethargy, and, either by supporting the monarchical idea, or declaring herself the frank protectress of her ancient provinces in their actual republican state, may cement with them fraternal connections, and close against the Union those immense markets for its commerce and industry.

For this reason the government of the U. States pushes forward its plans of aggrandizement; and for this reason it will not desist until all those separate states are formed into one single state, under the name, the laws, and the flag of the United States; because Cuba and Puerto Rico will then be theirs; and the Union will attempt to play the same game in the Atlantic Ocean as Russia in the Black Sea, by converting that immense sheet of water into one large lake under its exclusive monopoly and arbitrary dominion.

But in the badly calculated politics of the United States, the very thing which they imagine the most likely to contribute to their aggrandizement tends to debilitate and diminish their power. The acquisition of Texas and Mexico, should the latter be realized, enfeebles the action of the government, and lessens its influence at the same time that it extends its territories; both acts, particularly the latter, entail upon the Union a colossal debt, if hitherto free from pecuniary responsibilities, and will be productive of material losses; nor will the war terminate, but continue in its most destructive form—that of *guerillas*, skirmishes, and conspiracies. Both acts, moreover, will increase the number of enemies excited against the United States in consequence of their preponderating power, presenting an easy breach and sure instruments for the formation of parties by intrigue and disunion; added to which, they will never attain the presence of a moral force in the conquered cities, and will continue to lose it in their own. Lastly, both acts will serve as a lesson to other independent republics, which, for their own convenience, will unite in defence of their independence against the common enemy; and, moreover, our own possessions will be more than ever secure from the attacks of the colossal usurper.

And here is presented a new and favorable opportunity for Spain to render her ancient children sensible of her value, and, by offering them her protection, to gain for herself those commercial

advantages of all kinds which are now the object of the greedy cupidity of the Union. For the sake, therefore, of unfortunate Mexico, and for the sake of all our former colonies, it is, from every point of view, indispensable that something should be done—that negotiations should be opened—that our antecedent advantages should be made use of—and that, for our sakes, and for the sake of decorum, no other influence than that of the Spanish government should be tolerated in those distant parts of the world.

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

THE Mexican capital must present a strange spectacle, judging from the paragraphs, advertisements, &c., in the newspapers which reach us from that city. It is but a few days since it fell into the hands of a conquering army;—yet evidences of thriving business, conducted mainly under the auspices of that army, appear on every hand. Shops of every class were almost instantly opened;—theatres established;—races, billiards, concerts, and amusements of all kinds are regularly attended, and things go on as quietly as if the city were still in the hands of its original inhabitants. Mrs. Shepard issues her card, in which she “has the honor to inform the gentlemen of the American army” that her *benefit* takes place at the *National*:—the “old Kentucky restaurant” invites epicures at the corner of San Francisco Street:—C. S. Betts “respectfully informs the citizens of Mexico” that he will take their likenesses at the sign of the “White Flag,” adding that “satisfaction shall be given, or no charge made;” the Eagle Coffee House has been established “on the American style;”—Peter Wright offers *leadern coffins*—“of importance to the generals and officers of the army of the U. S.;”—a soldier advertises for “two green Mackinaw blankets, lost on the 8th of September at the battle of Molino del Rey,” being “badly wounded and suffering for the want of them;”—and so we have, side by side, remembrances of the war that has so recently rolled its bloody surges over the Aztec capital, and of the business and gayety that have followed so close on its retiring waves.

The *American Star* mentions the arrival there of the Marquis de Dufort, on a special mission from the French government. The object of his mission was not known.

Several proprietors of grog-shops have been arrested and punished for keeping open after 6 o'clock, P. M. Some of the friends of the largest liberty in this city would not look upon such regulations as a desirable extension of the area of freedom.

The *Star* contains a well-written communication on the future policy of the United States in regard to Mexico. After setting forth the nature of the war thus far, the writer proceeds to say that *two* measures are now proposed to terminate the war:—one is to assume a boundary line, establish a cordon of posts, garrison them and await the pleasure of the enemy. This, he says, would require an army of 50,000 men, and would cost \$20,000,000

per annum, drawn at home. Of the other plan he speaks thus; and we copy his remarks because the plan referred to seems to be a favorite with the army, and with the administration:—

The other plan is by a military occupation of the whole country; placing garrisons in all of the cities and large towns, and such other points as may be necessary to the operations of the troops, and in such force as will secure their retention, and will keep open the communications between themselves. Inviting emigrations from Europe and the United States, and furnishing the emigrants with lands gratis. Establishing public schools, that great lever of democracy and free institutions, and receiving, appropriating, and disbursing the revenues of the country. The practicability of this is undoubted. The security this would guarantee to private property, private business and intercourse, adding value to every species of property, would ensure the coöperation of the mass of the influential men in the country, if not of the national legislature, whilst the influence which would be wielded by the public schools under the conduct of Yankee masters, would be such as to elevate the character of the people, disseminate among them seeds of republicanism, which, in a few years, would break the bonds of ignorance and military despotism, which have trammelled them for three centuries, and achieve a revolution: the fear of which would induce their rulers in less than five years to offer us any terms of peace to get clear of us. The latter is now in the spirit of the age; and for the sake of humanity, for the sake of this people, who would be a great people if they had the opportunity, and for the credit of the United States, it is to be hoped it will be adopted. To carry out these last plans would require a force of sixty-five thousand (65,000) men, to conquer and retain it, allowing five thousand (5000) men to be killed in accomplishing the first. The annual expense would be very little, if any, more than would be required to support a line of garrison posts across our southern frontier. And a feature of vast importance is, that the funds would be derived from the Mexican treasury.

The amount of emigration to the United States and English colonies on the continent will this year be four hundred thousand (400,000) persons, three fourths of which may be safely set down as having emigrated to the United States. The offering to give these land here, gratis, would turn the tide of emigration, and cause a flow that would place in Mexico an European and American population of 3,000,000 of people in five years.

The revenues of Mexico amounted, in 1840, to twenty or thirty millions (20,000,000 or 30,000,000) of dollars. The total expenditures of the government was thirteen millions one hundred and fifty-five thousand nine hundred and twenty-two (13,155,922) dollars. Eight millions (8,000,000) of this was expended upon the army, which amounted to forty thousand (40,000) men, but which is now disbanded. The public debt amounted, in 1844, to little less than one hundred millions (100,000,000) of dollars, and is now over that, of which the internal debt amounted to eighteen millions five hundred and fifty thousand (18,550,000) dollars. By judicious alterations of the tariff, the revenues could be increased, and with less oppression of the people, whilst all deficiencies might be met by contributions upon the cities or departments.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

RUIN OF IRELAND.

[THESE dreadful notices and comments are copied from the Spectator. During the long time in which O'Connell was drawing his large rent from the miserable men whom he was deluding with hopes of repeal, we foresaw that the despair which must ultimately come upon the land would break out in blood. The appetite for it was keenly excited, and there was but one man strong enough to stay it.

Teaching the people how to evade the law—how to set it at defiance, without incurring the penalty—was added to continual instruction to hate England. Against the Saxon of the present day was directed the accumulated rancor of ages. Every means was employed to bring law into contempt.

And the whigs, for opposition purposes ;—to gain the ascendancy at home ; to get Irish votes against Sir Robt. Peel ;—lent aid and comfort to the demagogues who were pursuing their course of demoralization. Verily ! they have their reward !

But our worst anticipations have been exceeded. We feared an attempt at revolution by force : an outbreak of the pent-up passions of a patriotic and deceived people. This has not taken place ; the poison has sunk deeper. The war is against property. Assassination, even of men who are devoting themselves and their property to relief of the country, carries so much of public opinion with it, that it cannot be punished—it can hardly be brought to trial. All the kind instincts which human nature shows elsewhere, appear to be destroyed in Ireland. Women and children are murdered wantonly. And women and children take part in murdering their benefactors, without pity.

We copy but a few of the accounts. There is a horrid monotony in them.

But, before leaving the subject entirely, we wish to say a few words to party politicians in our own country. We are not beyond the possibility of some portion of such a cup of misery. The conspiracies against property in some parts of our country ; the nullification of South Carolina ; the frequent threats of dissolving the union, made sometimes by one party and sometimes by the other ; the wholesale, illegal, murderous expulsion of the Mormons ; the varied catalogue of Lynch-law proceedings ; these are matters which ought to give awful warning to us *not to sow the seed of contempt of lawful authority* ; not to allow our opposition to laws which we do not like, to carry us to the excess of treating those who make them as tyrants or traitors. Such denunciatory attacks come, as we are well aware, from men who do not believe the charges they make, and who are not so bitter as they seem ; they are intended only to affect the ignorant and the passionate—and they are, like other electioneering expedients, to end with the election. But it is a high crime thus to profane the very holiest parts of our national system. And the motive is a miserably sordid one on the part of the wire-pullers—the manufacturers of public opinion—the organs of all parties.]

Blood flows in Ireland. Victim after victim falls beneath the Celtic custom of Thuggee, which really seems at present to select for its sacrifices the best men in the land. So atrocious is the record of these daily crimes, as to suggest a belief that there must be exaggeration in the statements ; but we are assured on the most trustworthy information that the accounts are softened rather than exaggerated—that circumstances of ruffianism are suppressed or passed over in silence, and that many a dead body is thrown into a bog without even a

mention of the murder. The Irish Thuggee transcends the Indian, inasmuch as it is unaccompanied by a robbery to enrich the assassin. Neither is it revenge ; for in many recent instances the victim was an acknowledged benefactor. It is but the vent for a wanton delight in blood. But there is a sort of uniformity in the overt acts, which indicates some organized system : by analogy it is guessed to be a sort of white-boy conspiracy ; but what the exact nature of the machinery is, remains a mystery. Some remarkable facts, however, are patent to the view, and it is impossible not to put them together.

On Sunday last, there was a great meeting at Cashel, to agitate the question of tenant-right : Mr. John O'Connell, would-be-leader of the party opposed to open "physical force" repealers, was a prominent spokesman ; but the most notable was a Roman Catholic clergyman, whose station in his church is such as to constitute him a type and example of his class. At this Cashel meeting, Archdeacon Laffan panegyrized "the Tipperary men" and vituperated "the Saxon ;" and among his vituperative remarks was this one—"If in the victualling department John Bull suffered one fifth of the privations to which the Tipperary men were subject, if he had courage enough, he would stand upon one side and shoot the first man he would meet with a decent coat on his back. But the Saxon has not the courage to do anything like a man." We do not know whether these words would warrant a civil prosecution, because they may not seem to be a direct incitement to a specific criminal act ; but we should think that in any other province of the Romish church they would subject the utterer to ecclesiastical discipline. They appear to be, at the best, the manifestation of a genuine opinion that the Irish custom of standing on one side and shooting "the first man" whose overt act is the having "a decent coat on his back," is praiseworthy, manly, and in favorable contrast with the habits of Englishmen. Monstrous and preposterous as such an opinion may be, we have no right to assume that it is affected on the part of Archdeacon Laffan—that it is any other than the opinion naturally arising from his education and the common sentiment of the community among which he lives. Noting the constant practice of assassination, and the notorious practice of denunciations from the altar, we have no right to assume that the gentleman who bears the title of "Venerable Archdeacon" is singular in his opinion.

To apply the general opinion expressed by the Celtic priest, the case of Major Mahon will illustrate its practical working. Major Mahon was one of those few landlords in Ireland who possessed both the will and the means to fulfil advice frequently thrown out in England, that his class should strive to raise the character of agriculture on their estates, and thus elevate the condition of their resident tenants ; at the same time providing for those who might be removed in the process. Major Mahon did this : he removed many tenants, but he set apart a large sum yearly—3,500*l.*, we

believe—to aid them in emigrating. He had this autumn given notice of ejectment to a considerable number of tenants; the notice being delivered pro forma as a step necessary to ulterior proceedings; but it was accompanied by an intimation that the tenants should be undisturbed throughout the winter, and that in the spring they should be aided to emigrate. This was quite satisfactory to the tenants. Major Mahon addressed them personally from his carriage, explaining his views; and they expressed their satisfaction, with Irish enthusiasm. On that very spot he was murdered. For, however warm the gratitude of an Irish peasant may be, he owes another allegiance. In a chapel of the district this beneficent landlord was denounced as an “exterminator,” with many harsh expressions; and the priest wound up his denunciation in these words—“He is worse than Cromwell: *and yet he lives!*” Coming out of that chapel, that Sunday, one of the congregation said to another—“If he lives a month after this, he is immortal!” He was shot on the Monday.

As Archdeacon Laffan’s opinion is not singular, so neither is Major Mahon’s case. Our columns teem with stories of bloodshed. In one case a little girl played the part of jackall to the murderers: this complicity of children is an old trait of murder in Ireland; and it shows how a training to Thuggee is a part of education.

Why should the priest regard conduct like Major Mahon’s as wicked? Marvellous as such a distorted perception may seem, there does happen to be one reason: emigration removes the paymasters of the priests; in that respect, Major Mahon was spending 3,500*l.* a year in reducing the numbers of the Romish flocks on his estates.

Do not let us be misunderstood: we do not mean to insinuate that the priests incite the murder of landlords to keep down emigration. What the facts before us seem to show is, that murder is regarded as a meritorious act, that opinion not being exclusively held by priests, but being general; that benevolent landlords, if they are improving landlords, are obnoxious to dislike; that they are denounced from the altar; that murder follows; that whole congregations, including children, are accessories before the fact.

Some law of extraordinary vigor, sternly administered, is wanted here. It may not be possible to proceed against priests, as priests; but all should be made to suffer who participate in a guilty knowledge. Lord Clarendon has already indicated proceedings against those who harbor criminals; but a more extensive measure is needed, because, where the people of a district interpose to shield the particular criminal from the operation of the law, he can only be got at by dealing with the whole community among whom he is as it were enclosed and lost; and this inconvenience is a fit penalty for the wrong-doing of that community. The district which participates in crime should feel the disadvantages of crime. The expenses of pursuit should be borne by each locality in which criminals remain undetected. If the withholding

of rent is the object of the local conspiracy, the rent ought to be exacted to the last penny, though the presence of an army should be needed to enforce it. If the ordinary tribunals aid in concealing guilt by perverse verdicts, independent tribunals should be established. To whatever length crime goes, the strength of constituted authority ought to be prepared to go yet further, and to visit upon the abettors of guilt a penalty aggravated in proportion to their contumacy.—20th Nov.

The Irish papers supply some remarkable illustrations of the mode in which landlords are accused of “extermination.” One case is that of Mr. Ussher, who has been at two periods denounced from the altar, and whose case is narrated in detail by the *Dublin Evening Mail*—

“Mr. Ussher inherited from his father the estate of Ballysaggart, near Lismore. At the period of Mr. Ussher’s obtaining possession of it, he found it a vast tract, principally mountain land, with a frontage to the Blackwater, along the banks of which a few acres of good land lay; the whole of the remainder, to the amount of nearly eight thousand acres, consisted of heath and gorse, or furs, all reclaimable, but at that period in a state of nature, or nearly so. Thirty years ago, Mr. Ussher undertook the Herculean task of rendering this barren moor a fertile district, of enclosing a park, and establishing his own residence upon it. A princely demense has been created—planting to the extent of over a thousand acres been executed; and one of the most beautiful residences in Ireland formed. A sum little if at all short of 60,000*l.* sterling was expended in wages during that period, and from eighty to one hundred men daily employed and punctually paid: and thus, for upwards of thirty years, from five to six hundred persons have been entirely supported by this gentleman, described now as ‘a plague and a curse’ to his district. Mr. Ussher’s efforts were not, however, confined to forming his own residence. He undertook the reclamation of the remainder of the mountain land; and for that purpose, about the year 1833, he let off on lease to a considerable number of persons portions of the land, varying in extent from thirty to eighty acres. The terms of the lease, in every case, were these—for the first seven years of occupancy, a peppercorn rent; for the second seven years, five shillings per acre; and for the remainder of the term of twenty-one years (the duration of the lease) a rent of twelve shillings and sixpence per acre. In many cases he constructed the houses on those farms; in all cases he gave efficient aid in their construction. He granted them also a right of turbary to the extent of what they required for their own use; but, because turbary is an article quickly exhaustible, he prohibited the cutting of turf for sale to strangers; he secured also for the tenants a supply of limestone free of charge—the only thing needful, along with their own industry, to secure the complete reclamation of the soil, and the comfort and even affluence of the tenantry, as the land was all highly improva-

ble Things went on satisfactorily enough for the first and part of the second period of the term; but, during the last two or three years of the second period, which expired last year, an organized system was got up to resist the increased rent of the last period. The tenants, in many instances, ceased to attend to their farms, which were now in a flourishing condition, and commenced a system of selling the turf on the moorland adjoining, to which they had no claim whatever; thus, not only robbing Mr. Ussher of his property, but absolutely rendering it impossible to carry further the reclamation of the estate, as where the surface was pared off to the gravel no possibility existed of reclaiming the soil left. Mr. Ussher was absent, for the purpose of educating his family, for a few years; and on his return he found the organization spoken of complete, and a system of wholesale robbery and spoliation of his estate going on. It need be hardly mentioned that he resisted it, and put a stop to this plunder, and also intimated his intention of enforcing his rights to the rent reserved in his leases; offering, at the same time, however, to accept a surrender from all or any of the tenantry who wished to give up their farms. The storm now broke forth; threatening letters were sent—denunciations from the altar poured out—and, finally, they proved, as is usual, only the precursors to a desperate attempt to murder this unfortunate gentleman. At noon-day, almost in sight of the town of Lismore, a villain, hired by the tenantry of the estate, made the attempt to shoot this gentleman."

This "plague and curse," as Mr. Ussher was designated by the reverend father Fogarty, providentially escaped the blow, and two of the persons engaged in the attempt were tried and found guilty at the last Waterford Summer Assizes; and but for the intercession of Mr. Ussher would have been hanged. Six more of the party are in gaol, awaiting their trial for being engaged in the same attempt. "There is not, in fact, a particle of doubt but that the whole of the people around him, tenants and laborers, with the exception of some six or seven persons, were fully aware of, if not deeply implicated in, this conspiracy; and, although the bulk of them had eaten of his bread, and lived in comfort on the means provided for them through his humane and truly patriotic efforts, they saw him depart on the morning of the day the attempt was made on his life, believing they would behold him a corpse before night; yet no warning voice was raised—no hint given, to turn the doomed man from his fate."

Another case is that of Mr. Ormsby Gore; whose proceedings were denounced in a local paper by "An Observer," under the head of "Irish Extermination in Leitrim," with many violent comments on the landlord's cruelty. One of Mr. Gore's agents, Mr. William Lawder, gives an explanation of the circumstances of the ejection at Leganomer—

"He states," says Mr. Lawder, speaking of the Observer, "that the tenants on the lands only

owed three half-years' rent, to September, 1847; which is untrue, as they owed several years' rent. He further states, that of those three half-years they offered a year's rent, which I refused to accept from any persons holding less than twenty acres of land. This is also untrue, as not one of them offered me a shilling; and although I cautioned them on the 18th of August, and frequently afterwards, that if they did not pay a year's rent they would be ejected, they never showed the least desire to pay anything. At length I was obliged, by their reckless conduct, to have the writ of *habere* executed; which was not done until the last moment, to afford them every opportunity of avoiding eviction. Your correspondent further states, persons in fever, and an aged man, were dragged from their sick beds; which is also untrue, as I did not turn out a single sick person; and the only aged man I saw walked quietly out of the house, and did not render it necessary for the sheriff to have him 'dragged out.'"

Mr. Gore has notified his intention to enable those unable to hold farms to emigrate to America in the spring, and to provide them with habitations during the winter.

A tenant of Mr. Gore's, named Walker, who is also his agent in Westmeath, has likewise written a letter in confirmation of Mr. Gore's liberality and kindness—

"During thirty years," he says, "no tenant has been removed on any account from that property by him; nor has he ever given, in the selection of tenants, any preference on account of the religion or political feelings of the applicant. I have frequently had occasion to apply to Mr. Gore for subscriptions and assistance towards improvements in the neighborhood, public and private, and also in the absence of the agent (non-resident) to recommend tenants for indulgences and grants, owing to various causes; and in no instance has his purse ever been closed against me."

Mr. Walker further states, that having lately recommended a liberal allowance on last year's rent, Mr. Gore's reply was—"You know the several cases of my tenants' circumstances better than I can; grant them such allowance as you may think proper and just, and I shall be satisfied." "I am now," continues Mr. Walker, "in the receipt of the rents; the tenants are paying well; they are contented and happy with the abatements I have given; and no party leaves me without giving a blessing to their landlord."

One of the sufferers, the Reverend John Wolseley, incumbent of St. Michael's, Portarlington, in King's County, sends a letter to the *Times*, complaining of his hard position—

"For nearly twenty years I have been a minister of the established church; and during that time I have had nothing whatever to do with tithes, for my benefice is a chapelry of 90*l.* a year, and is paid partly out of land set apart for the purpose, and partly by the ecclesiastical commissioners of Ireland from a fund bequeathed to small livings by Primate Boulter." "He has," he says, "devoted

much attention to the employment of the poor; has never shown favor or partiality to any one sect; has lived simply, and attended to his duties; has never brought an ejectment, or taken any other law proceedings against a tenant. What, then, was my surprise and horror to find an assassin lying in wait for me for three successive days; and—for this is still more horrifying—that most of the people of the neighborhood where I live have been so far from expressing joy at the escape I have had, that they show evident disappointment at my not being shot!"

"A southern landlord" writes to the *Times*, complaining of the priestly denunciations from the altar, now apparently becoming systematic in Ireland—

"Of the countless instances which have occurred, I shall only remind you of two; your paper would not contain the number of cases I could adduce.

"The one was the case of a very poor man in the county Tipperary, named, I think, Callagan. The priest was the Reverend Mr. T——. The following is the evidence of the reverend functionary, as given at the trials.

"'Did you denounce the murdered man from the altar?'—'I did.'

"'When did you denounce him?'—'On Sunday at mass.'

"'When was he murdered?'—'At five o'clock the same evening.'

"The other is the case of the late Major Mahon. He was denounced by the priest on Sunday; and on the following Monday, while returning from his charitable office in Roscommon, he was shot dead in his carriage.

"I cannot but think that these reverend ministers of the gospel are amenable to the laws; they are clearly accessories before the fact, and the crime of murder is the never-failing effect of their unhallowed exhortations.

"I do not know if I am right in this supposition. If I am, the sooner a few stringent examples are made, the sooner a few of these reverend plotters are tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment, or in very gross cases to transportation, the quicker will be the return of this unhappy country to a state bordering on civilization. Until this is done, and done with energy and promptness, the reign of terror will still continue, and the minister of God will remain the minister of death."—20 Nov.

"The murders" form the staple of the Irish news. A Dublin repeal paper admits that the usual question is, "What murders are there today?" Nor do they change in character, except that as an engine of terror their application is extending from landlords to creditors generally: the debt incurred by the purchase of a gun is "cancelled," as currency philosophers have it, by the use of the gun itself.

The most marked process of change, however, is that which has been taking place in the opinion of England on Ireland. There is still the same

desire to see improvement carried out—to see the luckless Celt redeemed from his debasement; but the wanton love of bloodshed, united to the half-voluntary submission to beggary, has materially abated the sympathy that was entertained in this country. The anxiety to see the law enforced in Ireland is growing to a feeling of impatience, which finds no adequate expression in the parliamentary debates; though symptoms of it are to be found even there in the speeches of independent members. In society there is a prevalent desire to witness some decisive course of action; and we have reason to believe that ministers would obtain from English and Scottish members an unusual amount of support in any measure having for its object the direct enforcement of order.—27 Nov.

THE *Journal des Débats* announces the death of Madame Aimé Martin, widow of Benardin de St. Pierre, the author of *Paul et Virginie*, at St. Germaine en Laye, in her sixty-eighth year.

SOULEYMAN, Napoleon's interpreter in Egypt, died on Wednesday, in Paris. "He was," says *Galigani's Messenger*, "a Persian, but attached himself to the fortunes of France, and rendered invaluable services to her army when it was led to the foot of the Pyramids. He lived upon a pension granted him by the French government. He had a wife and children in Persia; to whom he wished to return, but was refused permission on account of his conduct in Egypt. The Persian ambassador, now in Paris, had promised to use his influence in procuring the assent of his government to the return of Souleyman; but death had put an end to all his hopes."

In Italy, a customs convention between Rome, Tuscany, and Sardinia, is formally announced. The preamble declares that those three states, being "animated by the desire to contribute by their union to the increase of the dignity and prosperity of Italy, and being persuaded that the true and essential basis of the union of Italy consists in the fusion of the material interests of the population of their respective dominions, have agreed to form an association on the principle of the German Commercial League." This is true practical wisdom. The long-dreamt "nationality of Italy" is now laid upon a solid foundation.—*Spectator*, 20 Nov.

A NOTICE has been issued from the post-office giving the public the privilege of marking or writing upon newspapers sent by post, provided a penny stamp be affixed upon them:—

In cases where newspapers are at present subject to the penny postage, (as when they are both posted and delivered in the same town,) the writing or marks will involve no additional charge. This privilege, however, is to be confined to inscriptions on the newspaper itself, and is not to extend to the cover; which, as heretofore, must contain nothing but the address. If additional writing be placed upon the cover, or if a marked newspaper be sent without the penny stamp, it will then be liable to the same postage as that which would be charged for an unpaid letter of like weight. The new regulation does not apply to newspapers to or from the colonies or foreign countries; these, when written upon, or when containing enclosures, will still be liable to the treble rate of postage at present charged upon them.—*Spect.*

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LIVING AGE.

[There have been some vexatious delays of our letters to and from Paris. In a little while we hope to be regular. Our correspondent sends us now a few hasty memorandums, and some translations.]

PARIS, 1 December, 1847.

IN Paris the weather of the whole month of October resembled the best American Indian summer. September was exceedingly raw and gloomy. Last month—November—the sun was scarcely seen; the temperature, indeed, was mild; and hence strawberries and grapes continued fresh and abundant. In the quantity and quality of vegetables and fruits—the grape included—this year has never been exceeded in France. This week the assize of bread is raised. There will be a deficiency of bread-stuffs until the summer, although the last harvest was plentiful in itself. A scarcity such as has been experienced is not supplied by the productiveness of a single season. Hitherto Paris has been without frost. The weather is now absolutely vernal. If it prove moderate and bright the last fortnight of December, the display of luxury and ingenuity in the shops of the capital will transcend all that the world has known. Two new and very spacious theatres do not seem to affect the prosperity of the twenty or more old.

Political banquets, of all the opposition parties, multiply in the interior. The orators charge the government with all sorts of intrigue, corruption, and mismanagement. In most instances, the health of the king is studiously excluded from the toasts. But Louis Philippe cares little for these demonstrations: his health is good, his vivacity irrepressible. All the royal family are in capital case. The Duke d'Aumale plays the viceroy at Algiers, with an annual expenditure of two or three hundred thousand dollars.

The diet of Hungary is debating on the liberty of the press, and religious equality for the Protestants, who are numerous in that province. A new bill presented to the Spanish cortes, for the *preservation of order*, amounts to a suppression of all freedom of political discussion and action. Portugal is in a perpetual cabinet-crisis. The movements in Italy are of most promise and dignity. There may be a glorious revival. National unity and independence for twenty-four millions, gifted and situated as are the Italians—how splendid the objects and results!

French cotton goods have doubled in quantity since 1834, and the prices have fallen one half since that period. The gross present annual product is estimated at six hundred millions of francs; the manufacture employs about six hundred and thirty-four thousand hands; the wages of the operative are on the average four hundred francs per annum.

The thousands of Poles of Paris have held three several assemblages in commemoration of the insurrection of November 29th, 1830. Prince Czarto-

ryski, head of the monarchical and aristocratic division, delivered a discourse to the Polish Literary Society suitable to their doctrines and views: the democratic meetings were marked by much stronger denunciations of the proceedings and designs of the northern monarchs, and by enthusiastic expressions of confidence in the revival of Polish nationality. The Poles resemble the Jews in the vitality of their hopes. Both put up fervent prayers, in their several places of worship, for pope Pius IX. His *liberalism* is invoked for, or supposed to embrace, all the human family. Such is the charity of the Gospel.

Constitutional reforms are on the tapis in Holland. Ministerial responsibility, not to the king alone, but to the States-General, and a direct representation of the people on a larger basis, are the principal objects. William lends himself to them, besides manifesting concern for the reestablishment of credit in his small country, too deeply indebted and too heavily taxed. There is a strong opposition to the present ministers, who are *administrative* not political characters, and a cry for *Van-der Capellens*, as the head of affairs proper for the organic changes required for better government in general. That statesman refused office in 1841 because the royal assent was refused to his stipulations in relation to them. An old Dutch party survives with the principle *stare super vias antiquas*, and they have a new organ in a paper called the *Holland*. But now-a-days their maxim is vain, whether for monarchs or parties anywhere. The ancient landmarks are examined, and when condemned become untenable. Holland needs neither royalty, aristocracy, nor hierarchy.

In seven cases (except one) of Brazilian vessels sent into the French ports on suspicion of the slave trade by the French squadron of the coast of Africa, the council of state in Paris has decided against the captors. With regard to six of the vessels, nothing was proved to have been found on board that warranted the charge of *piracy*, which is interpolated into the law of nations by the British and French conventions. The hardship of the detention of the vessels and the loss of their voyages has been aggravated by the imprisonment of their officers and crews, at Brest and Toulon, who are now petitioning for enlargement. Owners and all have been ruined. Several of the Paris editors consider Brazil as fully entitled to retaliate by tariff-war, seeing that she is not strong enough to vindicate her rights otherwise. The articles of the London Times, and the language of Lord Stanley and Mr. Hume in parliament, on the character and effects of the African coast system, are well worth attention.

The Swiss *chargé d'affaires*, Mr. Tschann, died a few days ago, in Paris, suddenly. It is affirmed by the *Journal des Débats* that violent chagrin at the situation of his country was the proximate cause. He had been forty years a member of the Swiss legation in Paris, and his national spirit had become only the keener. Sensitiveness in relation

to one's country is often heightened in proportion to length of absence. There are, we may believe, Americans abroad for years, whom a civil war, or a rupture of the Union, at home, would promptly kill. Their pride of country would sink; their hearts would break like that of the Swiss patriot. It is therefore that some of them dread intensely the slavery question in Congress, and would prefer any practicable compromise to the Wilmot proviso, which threatens fatal discord. How much—how incalculably greater the stake than that of any Swiss or any European strife! For real philanthropy itself—for productive and expansive liberty—the scale is on the side of the *whites*; our own race and civilization are the first objects.

The French ministry have just lost two important elections. One of their candidates, General Dumas, is an aid-de-camp of the king.

The Spanish government has issued two royal ordinances changing the duties or customs on cotton and woollen fabrics. The tariff is raised, and injuriously for the French and British. Our Paris editors complain; they remark that England, having a completely organized system of smuggling on the Spanish coast, will suffer less than France. The measure is deemed an expedient of the new Spanish cabinet to get favor in Catalonia.

Some substitutions on the side of liberalism have occurred in the ministry of Naples. *Santangelo*, who ruled, retires with the title of marquis and honorary councillor of state; he was hissed by the people when he withdrew from the palace.

A new journal, called the *Resurrection*, has been established at Turin, with two of the most celebrated writers of Italy as its editors—Counts Balbo and de Carour. A royal decree bearing date 26th November, issued at Turin, and consisting of twenty-seven articles, modifies favorably the laws for the government of the press in the kingdom of Sardinia. The introduction of the *Journal des Débats* into the kingdom was prohibited; the interdiction is now raised. Real liberalism will gain little by this indulgence. The *Débats* is among its worst enemies, in the guise of a friend.

At a late sitting of the Paris Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, a report was made on the memoirs or tracts presented on the prize-question of 1845, which was this—"What influence have the general progress and desire of *physical* welfare exercised on the morals or moral condition of the people?" The memoirs were twenty-three in number, and five were pronounced to be worthy of particular attention, being recommended by careful investigation, talent, sound and various disquisition; but no one of these excellent performances exactly answered the views of the committee. One had for epigraph, "The greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number." Some of them were to be published. It does not appear that the case and example of the United States of America have been considered at all; yet they are the most pertinent, and the strongest. The authors of the

new histories of the French revolution represent their country as having first furnished the world with the true human rights, the doctrines and forms of political liberty which are to prevail everywhere in the end.

At a late meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, Mr. Pouillet deposited a copy of the fifth edition of his *Experimental Physics and Meteorology*, a treatise as excellent as it has been successful. The sixth and last volume of the great work entitled *Commercial Law in its relations with the Civil Law and with International Law*, has just appeared. The author is Mr. G. Massé. The French Society for the Defence of National Industry has just put forth a copious and elaborate manifesto against the evil threatened by theories and projects of the free traders. They give the results of extensive and authentic inquiries into the comparative condition, exigences, and prospects of French and British manufactures.

Treating of Lafayette's supposed vacillations between monarchy and republicanism for France, in 1790, *Michelet*, in his 2d volume, holds this language:—"Washington's authority was the great and sovereign one which would have sustained and encouraged Lafayette in his trials. He had it not at all. Washington, as the world knows, was the head of a party which sought to strengthen the unity of government in America. The head of the opposite party, Jefferson, had greatly favored the outbreak of our revolution. Washington, notwithstanding his extreme caution, did not conceal from Lafayette his wish that the movement should be checked. The Americans, though saved by France, feared to be carried by her too far against England, and found it prudent to concentrate their gratitude on two individuals, Lafayette and Louis XVI. Few understood our situation; many of them were on the side of the king against France. Moreover, they were cooled towards us by a matter, of which we had not thought, but which injured their trade—a decree or law of the national assembly respecting tobaccos and oils. The Americans, however firm with England in questions of interest, are weak and partial towards her in questions of *ideas*. British literature is their literature. The bitter war waged on us by the British press had influence on the Americans, and, through them, on Lafayette. At least they did not maintain him in his original republican aspirations. He postponed his lofty plan; he descended—at least provisionally—to English notions—to a sort of bastard Anglo-American eclecticism; he, himself American in theory and opinion, was yet an Englishman in mental culture—a little even in person and aspect. For this English ad interim system—for the system of democratic royalty or royal democracy, which, he acknowledged, was good for some twenty years only, he did a decisive thing, that seemed to arrest the revolution, but precipitated it in fact."

Louis Blanc, in the second volume of his *History of the French Revolution*, treats, in his second chapter, of the American connection in a remarkable way, and with more sense than *Michelet*.

The following is a translation of some passages of his text:—"While Lord Chatham exhaled in parliament his jealousy and despite at the countenance lent to the revolted colonies by France, Louis XVI. had already recognized the independence of the United States; a treaty had united France and America—nations of which one fought for independence and the other was about to fight for liberty. How was the alliance brought about? By what infatuation or vertigo did the friends of an absolute king stimulate him to extend his aid to *insurgents*? France had severe mortifications to avenge; unpardonable humiliations—the treaty of Fontainebleau, the British abuse of their success—above all, the presence of an English commissary at Dunkirk; could the occasion be more favorable? The Americans, after an intrepid struggle, seemed to be near a definitive triumph: Burgoyne and his army had been captured; at Valley Forge Washington was proving how far the genius of patience decides human affairs. The sentiment of nationality in France outwitted, in a manner, the sharp-sighted minister who swayed our foreign relations. The man who prepared the American war, who presented to Louis XVI. the three plenipotentiaries, Silas Deane, Franklin, and Lee, was precisely the Count de Vergennes, the same who had written to Louis—"In France the monarch speaks and rules; all are subjects and all obey." So true is it that in this American war, Vergennes was dazzled by the diplomatic phases of the case; the revolutionary escaped his vision. Besides, what will could resist the cry of the whole French nation? 'Let us arm for the insurgents!' In vain did the old court condemn the voluntary departure of the youthful Marquis Lafayette; all hearts were enrolled the same day as his name; Franklin was the universal admiration. His image, with Turgot's inscription, was constantly sold under the eyes of the king. The impulse was given to every mind. The idea of *insurrection* became familiar everywhere; the word *insurgents* was accepted on all hands; and those even who were scandalized at the aid lent by a monarch to subjects in revolt consoled themselves with the idea of England suffering punishment at length for the long-continued excesses of her pride. Immediately after his arrival in America, Lafayette wrote to his friends in France—"In this region, I hear nothing of king or ministers. Two sovereigns only are known and cherished—glory and liberty." France resembled a slave that, through the bars of his dungeon, desires troops armed against slavery. The shouts which reach his ears from afar, penetrate to his heart; he fancies that he is fighting himself under those colors, the mere sight of which is for him a hope of deliverance. Contemplated from our shores, the American war was one of those phenomena which have their appointed place and epoch in the succession of events. But while it lifted up and vivified the French soul, it contributed to occasion the fatal *deficit*. Necker's loans were, however, at first successful; the gold of Europe flowed into the treasury of France. The public

mind, relieved on this score, could surrender itself to the emotions incident to the tidings from Rhode Island; at Versailles not a few—very many—of the noblesse envied Lafayette his wounds. By dint of taking a lively interest in those battles, of which American independence was to be the price, the French people habituated themselves to the concern and love of liberty; and the most perspicacious—those especially who felt the revolution stirring at the bottom of their hearts—thanked the minister of the treasury for having found in *credit* the means of enabling old royalist France to march under the banners of the armed republic. To meet the expense of the American war without *taxes*—as Necker had said—was not that a miracle! Every one repeated his boast; throughout the realm there was joy and surprise that such a contest and triumph were to cost the nation nothing in immediate contribution. If it could not be denied that the American war would be onerous for future generations, yet they, unquestionably, would reap the benefit. Besides, the sound of revolution from across the Atlantic was like a wafted promise of emancipation to France."

[TRANSLATED.]

Extract from a speech of M. Guizot, delivered in the Chamber of Deputies, last winter, on the Swiss question:

"Here is simply our policy—our positive and practical policy—with regard to Switzerland. We honor and respect Switzerland, *old Switzerland*, infinitely, and the ancient and glorious existence that she has acquired in Europe. We believe in this great fact—that, after having obtained during five centuries the approval and esteem of Europe, she merits the solicitude of all nations; as we respect her ourselves we believe that *old Switzerland* is an European work which Swiss hands especially should not destroy without reason.

"At the same time that this is the fact established, it is also the right. The basis of the Helvetic confederation, such as it exists, is the national law in Switzerland; now, as it was five centuries ago, it is a confederation of *independent* states, which has vested, in common, certain interests and certain portions of their existence and power, but each, having reserved to itself, at the same time, certain essential rights of sovereignty, and especially of internal sovereignty. That is the national law or constitution of Switzerland for Europe. The fact and the law are, in this instance, in perfect unison. They are, moreover, in unison with the interests of France. I shall not insist upon what the honorable gentleman who spoke last has retraced;—it is evident that the actual federal constitution, with the independence of the cantons, is conformable to European interests, and ours in particular; that it produced and suits the situation of neutrality which has been assured to Switzerland. It is evident that a state otherwise constituted—a consolidated state—would have much

more aggressive power; would be less secure for its neighboring states. There is then, for us, a great national concern to maintain the actual polity of Switzerland and the basis of her confederation."

From the Paris Corsaire.

THE TAKING OF LUCERNE.

The capture of this little town, which the Swiss radicals have just entered as conquerors, is the topic of the day in Europe. What is this taking of Lucerne? Is it the expulsion of the Jesuits? No. It is the republic at our doors, and in the centre of old Europe. In fact, the Swiss radicals have not been at Lucerne to drive out a few black gowns. The instinct of royal governments is not deceived. The question in Switzerland is of a republican federative constitution like that of the United States, and the creation of a national unity.

Now, the republic at our very gates is a serious affair; we could get along with twenty-two *fragments* of a republic, but a complete republic is another thing. The cholera, which is advancing rapidly, is nothing in comparison to this sort of contagion. Remark, also, that with us the republican party begins to distance the out-of-breath party of Mr. Barrot. What are the banquets of Orleans, Lille, and Dijon, if not republican? The ministry, indeed, tells us by the mouth of the *Débats* that it is satisfied with the banquet of Orleans, satisfied with the banquet of Lille, and still more satisfied with that of Dijon. It will end by being so much satisfied as to be too much so.

Will there be intervention in Switzerland? No. For there is no right to intervene; the five powers are not agreed among themselves;—Switzerland, united by a war of liberty, will renew upon her own territory our conflicts, and our triumphs, of '94.

We have set officially forth, and sufficiently commented upon, the principles of *non-intervention*. We are bound by it. England, it is well known, will only offer a friendly mediation, and, finally, a hundred thousand rifles in the mountains of Switzerland will offer food for reflection. What is to be done then? There is only one solution to such a question; to *raise monarchy above the republic polity by good government*. Without that there is no salvation. Hopes founded upon the continuation of a war in the small cantons—upon the collision of the radicals with the king of Prussia—all that is an illusion. We must go on;—the floods rise—all the world hears them—we must anticipate them.

The *Gazette de France* adds—"The *Corsaire* is right. It is only true representative monarchy which can neutralize the republican movement in France. The diet will now reply to the pentarchy—We have settled our affairs; what have you to do with us, or on our soil, or at Neuchâtel? We claim what we shall defend—national sovereignty and independence."

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We doubt very much if the republic of Mexico will be gainers by rejecting the negotiations offered by the American commissioner. It may seem hard for Mexico to give up New Mexico and the two Californias, but that is already done, and in refusing to acknowledge this to be the case, she runs a risk of losing the indemnity offered by the United States. On the other hand, it must be agreed that the pretensions of the Mexicans were perfectly ridiculous in the respective situations of the belligerent parties. On reading the instructions given by the government to its commissioners, one would be led to believe that it treated with a conquered people. Therefore we shall cite but two articles. Mexico demands on one side, to be entirely indemnified for all the damages sustained by her during the war, and will not recognize Texas but on the condition that the boundary shall be the Rio de Las Nueces instead of being extended as far as the Rio del Norte. Now it is precisely the territory comprised between these two rivers that is the object of contest between the two states, and Santa Anna insists on obtaining from the victorious Americans that which they would scarcely concede even if they had been beaten. We can now comprehend why the negotiations have miscarried, when the starting points are so completely at variance; it will be extremely difficult for Mr. Trist and the Mexican commissioners to come to any decision. However, let the result of the war be what it may, Mexico has lost ground. Her capital and principal ports of entry are in possession of the United States. Her only source of revenue, properly speaking, her custom-house duties, will be at an end. The guerillas, the rancheros, may without doubt cause the Americans some loss; but a few men killed, a few baggage-wagons carried off, will not destroy the army. The prolonging of the struggle will have no other effect than to render it more difficult to treat with the United States; and as definitively Mexico will be obliged to give up, the best thing she can do is to sell, for the best possible price, that which will be taken without any payment if longer protracted. We have given this advice from the commencement of the war, but we fear that even if it is followed now it may be too late.

Extract from a Review in the *Paris Moniteur Universel*, Sept. 25, 1847.

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In the rural districts, with the exception of a small number of remote localities, which remain strangers to the movement of civilization, and are, in a manner, isolated from the crowd who carry with them their vices—in these parts of the country doubt and indifference have made sad havoc. If the law of God is not entirely dead in their hearts, it languishes; it no longer inspires them to act, and very little would be required to extirpate it altogether. Trite and vulgar objections against religion; railery and ridicule, added to impiety, against sacred things, have found their way into the villages without the aid of instruction, without the help of books or newspapers. It is sufficient for this purpose that travelling *colporteurs* or pedlars run over France distributing everything that is bad, and thus ministering to evil passions. Add to this, multitudes of soldiers, who are, it is true, taught and disciplined in their garrisons and barracks, where they learn anything but to love and serve God—who may bring into villages habits of order and industry, but who too often lavish insult and abuse upon religion and its ministers. We must not delude ourselves. Religion has nothing to lose, she has everything to gain. The supposed moral superiority of the peasant, at this moment, is an error which every one will acknowledge who has studied the question. We must look into Idyls for pictures of rural innocence; every curate knows too well the truth on the subject, and if he dreads the propagation of letters or rudiments, it is that, owing to the general indifference of spirit and laxity of morals, everything becomes a subject of terror for him, and he fears that every change may only produce an aggravation of evil. The state of things is also as distressing in those parts of the country which remain plunged in ignorance as in those where education has made some progress; with this difference, that, in the first mentioned, the passions of the people are sheer brutal—vice has an utterly gross character which is revolting to the heart. In the one—observes a writer, (M. Cormenin,) who cannot be accused of calumniating the people—they believe all sorts of superstitions—the quack instead of the physician; the sorcerer rather than the curate; the devil whom they fear, and not God of whom they have no idea; power, which oppresses, and not the law which protects; self-interest, which appropriates the wealth of others to itself, and not justice which commands them to respect their neighbors' property. In the other, they believe nothing—everywhere the worship of money has superseded that of God; a withering egotism has taken possession of every individual; personal interest is the sole motive of action; an insatiable avarice pervades all hearts, and they seek to satisfy it by every possible means—by cunning, roguery, and by attacks upon property; by domestic theft, and by seizing the landlords' crops. They do not forge, because they do not know how to write; but the course of justice is always fettered by false witnesses bribed by a very low price.

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